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Cowley

A Day in Turkey

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A DAY IN TURKEY;
OR,
THE RUSSIAN SLAVES.

A
C O M E D

WLEY.

DUBLIN:

MESSRS. WOGAN, BYRNE, GRUEBER,
, H. COLBERT, J. MOORE, J. JONES,
NES, M'ALLISTER, CORBET, AND
RICE.

M.DCC.XCII.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1917

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A DAY IN TURKEY;

O R,

THE RUSSIAN SLAVES.

A

C O M E D Y,

AS ACTED AT THE

T H E A T R E R O Y A L,

I N

COVENT GARDEN.

By MRS. COWLEY.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. WOGAN, BYRNE, GRUEBER,
M'KENZIE, H. COLBERT, J. MOORE, J. JONES,
W. JONES, M'ALLISTER, CORBET, AND
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HINTS have been thrown out, and the idea industriously circulated, that the following comedy is tainted with POLITICS. I protest I know nothing about politics;—will Miss Wolstonecraft forgive me---whose book contains such a body of mind as I hardly ever met with---if I say that politics are *unfeminine*? I never in my life could attend to their discussion.

TRUE COMEDY has always been defined to be a picture of life—a record of passing manners---a mirror to reflect to succeeding times the characters and follies of the present. How then could I, pretending to be a comic poet, bring an emigrant

A 3

Frenchman

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Frenchman before the public at this day, and not make him hint at the events which had just passed, or were then passing in his native country? A character so written would have been anomalous---the critics ought to have had no mercy on me. It is A LA GREQUE who speaks, not I; nor can I be accountable for *his* sentiments. *Such* is my idea of tracing CHARACTER; and were I to continue to write for the stage, I should always govern myself by it.

THE illiberal and *false* suggestions concerning the politics of the comedy I could frankly forgive, had they not deprived it of the honour of a COMMAND. The passages on which those misrepresentations were built, were on the second night omitted, but immediately afterwards restored; and the DAY IN TURKEY leaves the press exactly as it has continued to be performed amidst the most vivid and uninterrupted plaudits-----or interrupted only by the glitter of soft tears; a species of applause not less flattering than the spontaneous

ADVERTISEMENT.

spontaneous laugh, or the voluntary collision of hands.

SOME of the performers in this comedy have played so transcendently well, that their names deserve to be recorded; but to particularise any, when *all* have aimed at perfection, would be invidious.

H. COWLEY.

Feb. 17.

1792.

P R O L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY MR. HARLEY.

NOT from the present moment springs our play,
Th' events which gave it birth are past away—
Five glowing moons have chas'd night's shades from
earth,

Since the war fled which gave our Drama birth.

" Not smiling peace o'er RUSSIA's wide-spread land

" Wav'd gently then, her sceptre of command.

" No! thousands rush'd at red ambition's call,

" With mad'ning rage to triumph—or to fall.

" 'Twas then our female bard from BRITAIN'S shore

" Was led by fancy to the distant roar"——

'Twas then she saw sweet virgins captives made,

'Twas then she saw the cheek of beauty fade,

Whilst the proud soldier in ignoble chains,

Was from his country dragg'd to hostile plains.

Thus was her bold imagination fired
When battle with its horrid train retired;
Yet, sure the story which she then combin'd,
Should not to dear oblivion be resign'd—
No—let it still your various passions raise,
And to have touch'd them, oft', has been her praise:
Trusting to candour, she solicits here,
Your smile of pleasure, or your pity's tear;
For tho' the *time* is past, the *FEELING* true,
She dedicates to *NATURE*, and to *YOU*!

Note.—The lines distinguished by italics are from the pen
of DELLA CRUSCA:

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

M E N.

IBRAHIM,	MR. <i>HOLMAN.</i>
ORLOFF,	MR. <i>FARREN.</i>
A LA GREQUE,	MR. <i>FAWCET.</i>
MUSTAPHA,	MR. <i>MUNDEN.</i>
AZIM,	MR. <i>CUBIT.</i>
SELIM,	MR. <i>INCLEDON.</i>
MULEY,	MR. <i>M'CREADY.</i>
ISMAEL,	MR. <i>FARLEY.</i>
OLD MAN,	MR. <i>THOMPSON.</i>
SON,	MR. <i>CROSS.</i>
2d TURK,	MR. <i>EVATT.</i>

MALE SLAVES, &c.

W O M E N.

ALEXINA,	MRS. <i>POPE.</i>
PAULINA,	MRS. <i>ESTEN.</i>
LAURÉTTA.	MRS. <i>MATTOCKS.</i>
FATIMA,	MRS. <i>MARTYR.</i>
FEMALE SLAVES,	{ MRS. <i>FAWCET</i> , MRS. <i>ROCK</i> , and others.

A
DAY IN TURKEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Forest.*

IN THE BACK GROUND A TURKISH CAMP.

Several Turks are seen at a Distance passing and repassing with Haste; some of them look out from amidst the Trees, and then retire.

Enter PAULINA, precipitately.

At the Bottom.

PAU.

WHERE—O, where shall we fly? [*Looking round wildly.*] Brother—father—come! We are driven from our cottage: we have no longer a home—let us run some where to seek another.

Enter OLD MAN and SON.

SON. Come father lean on me, and let us walk faster, or we shall be pick'd up by some of the turban'd gentry. They are out a foraging; and they always consider christians as useful cattle. Let us fly.

B

FATHER.

FATHER. Fly! alas, with the load of seventy years upon my shoulders, how hard a task! We shall never escape them, child—Thou'lt see thy father murdered, and worse luck than that will be thy fate.

PAU. Worse luck than to be murdered! I should be glad to see the day—What worse *can* happen?

OLD MAN. Thou'lt be made a slave,—slave to a Turk [*cries*—I shall see thee in a vile Turk's seraglio, no better, as it were, than the handmaid of a Jew.

PAU. Well, I may out-live such a misfortune as that; but I never heard of out-living a throat cut—So, dear father, cheer up, and let us hurry on to the next village. Peter, take care of that bag—for it contains all we have in the world.

SON. Aye; and if it hadn't been for some of our own soldiers, I had been a lost man—They were so kind as to strip our cottage yesterday, and left us no more than I can very *conveniently* move under.

PAU. Yes; and more than all that, they took away my very best gown, and my new fur cap! [*crying*] yes; and he who took them said it was in friendship, for that otherwise my very best gown and cap would certainly fall into the hands of the enemy.

SON. Yes; it was truly a very friendly action, and they perform'd it like gentlemen—No words, but their very looks were oaths, and the black eyebrows of one of them spoke louder curses than I ever heard between fifty Siberian boar-hunters [*clashing of swords without.*] There—there! d'ye hear? Our friends are coming down upon us; and our enemies are at hand! Come, let us run [*with a look of terror*—From friends and enemies, holy Michael, defend us!

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Clashing of swords; A LA GREQUE enters running at top, then stops, looks back and speaks.*]

A LA GR. There it goes—There it goes! Nothing can save thee, my gallant master—This comes of your reconnoitering—Had you not better have been in your tent, quietly breaking your *fast*, than here, breaking

the heads of the Turks—So, now he's disarm'd—Well, nobody bid ye—'tis all your own fault—Now, how comely he looks with his arms folded, and his sword in the hands of that beetle-brow'd Turk! Pardie! I feel now as great a man as my master.

Enter ORLOFF, surrounded by Turks.

MULEY. Courageous Russian, thou art ours! Could valour have saved thee, captivity and you had never met—Your empress, we trust, has not many such soldiers in the neighbouring camp.—Come, droop not, Sir, this is the fortune of war.

ORLOFF. Had I been made your prisoner, whilst on a post of duty, I could have borne my lot—A soldier can support not only death, but even slavery, when a sense of duty gives *dignity* to his chains; but *my* chains are base ones, for I reconnoiter'd without command, and have lost my liberty without glory.

A LA GR. Then *I* have lost my liberty too without glory, for I *attended* you without command, and now—Oh, *le diable!* I am valet de chambre to a slave!

TURK. Let not that affect thee! The fortune of war, which has wounded your master's pride, ought to elate yours, for you are now his equal—both slaves alike.

A LA GR. [*Eagerly*] Are we so? And has he no further right to command me, nor threaten me? Kind Sir, tell me but that—tell me but that—!

TURK. None, none.

A LA GR. Hum! [*Puts his hat on, takes out his snuff box, takes snuff, then goes to his master, and offers him his box.*] Take a pinch, don't be shy

ORLOFF. Scoundrel! [*Throws up the box with his arm.*]

A LA GR. Nay, no hard names—let us be civil to each other, as brother slaves ought to be—And now I think of it—Hark ye! I suppose your slaves take rank according to their usefulness.

TURK. Certainly.

A LA GR. Well then, my master—I mean that man there, who was my master, can do no earthly thing but fight, whilst I, on the contrary, am expert at several.

MULEY. Your qualifications?

A LA GR. They are innumerable—I can sing you pretty little French airs, and Italian canzonettas—No man in Paris, Sir—for I have the honour to be a Frenchman—No man in Paris understands the science of the powder-puff better than myself—I can frize you in a taste beyond—Oh, what you are all CROPS, I see—fore fronts, and back fronts—Oh, those vile turbans, my genius will be lost amongst you, and a friseur will be of no more use than an oyster-woman.—Why, you look as though you had all been scalp'd, and cover'd your crowns with your pillows.

TURK. Christian, our turbans are too elevated a subject for your sport.

A LA GR. Dear Sir, [*pointing to his turban, and then to the ground*] drop the subject, it will be a proof of national taste.

MULEY. Thy speech is licentious and empty; but in a Frenchman we can pardon it—'tis *national Taste*—However, if your boasted qualifications end here, it is probable, you will be a slave as little distinguish'd as your master.

A LA GR. Pardonnez moi! I can do things he never thought of—You have heard the story of the basket-maker amongst savages? I do not despair of seeing my master my servant yet—Courage, Monsieur le Compté! I'll treat you with great condescension, depend on't, and endeavour to make you forget in all things the distance between us.

MULEY. He seems too deeply absorb'd in melancholy, to be roused by thy impertinence!

A LA GR. Poor young man! Times are alter'd, to be sure; and at present he's a little down in the mouth; but he's fond of music, cheer him with a Turkish air—Hélas! all the *air* we have will be Turkish now.

[ORLOFF.

ORLOFF. Ah no! forbear your music, and bring me your chains! Drag me to your dungeons! The intellectual bitterness of this moment cannot be increased by *outward* circumstance.

A LA GR. Chains and dungeons! Why sure the ghost of our dead bastille has not found its way hither—Hey, Messieurs! Have you lantern posts too, and hanging Marquisses in this country?

ORLOFF. [*angrily.*] Peace!

A LA GR. Peace! That's a bold demand.—Your Empress can't find it at the head of a hundred thousand men, and the most sublime Grand Signior is obliged to put on his night-cap without it, though he has a million of these pretty Gentlemen to assist him—Besides, England has engross'd the commodity.

ORLOFF. Come, Sir, let us not loiter here—I would have my fate determined, and my misery complete. Alas! is it not already so? Yes, my heart has been long the property of sorrow, and it will never relinquish its claims.

MULEY. I shall lead you to the palace of the Bassa Ibrahim—it is in the neighbourhood of yonder camp, which he commands, what your fate may then be, his humour determines.

A LA GR. Then I hope we shall catch him in a *good* humour, and what care I whether a Turk or a Russian has the honour to be my master? Now you see the misfortune of being born a Count! Had he lost no more than I have, he'd be as careless as I am—Come, brother. slave—no ceremony, no ceremony, I beg.

[*Exeunt—A LA GREQUE pulls back his master, and walks out before him.*]

SCENE II. ROCKS.

[Enter PETER—runs across the Stage, is follow'd by PAULINA shrieking—they go off—Two Turks pursue them, and bring them back.]

TURK. Stay, stay, young ones! it is but manners to wait for your father—You see he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

PAU. Aye, very true—Oh, Peter, how could we run away, and leave our father?

PETER. Why, we only took care of number one, and we have a right to do that all the world over. So we are captives now then, and slaves in downright earnest?

TURK. Aye.

PAU. Look at my poor father! If your hearts were not harder than those very rocks, you could never make a slave of *him*.

Enter the FATHER, guarded by two TURKS.

FATHER. O my dear children! Those flints which wound my feet are not so sharp as the wounds which gash my heart for you.

PAU. There!—Do ye hear? O the miseries of war! I wonder war is ever the fashion—Pray, Sir, what made the King of the Turks and our old Empress agree to go to war together?

TURK. To give brave soldiers an opportunity of running away with such pretty girls as you.

PAU. O fye on them! I think if they were now to see my father and brother Peter, and I, in this condition, they'd be both asham'd of themselves.

PETER. Asham'd of themselves! Don't talk so ign'rntly.—Excuse her, gentlemen, she knows nothing of the world. She thinks Kings and Empreſſes are made of the same stuff as other mortals.

TURK. [To the Father.] Come, Honestly, cheer up! at the next village there is a waggon, into which
you

you and your family shall be put, and carried to the end of your short journey.

PAU. Laws! A waggon—whose is it?

TURK. It shall be your own for the present.

PAU. Our own! that's droll enough; so we are made slaves in order to ride in our own carriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. *The Gardens of the Bassa, decorated with Palms, Fountains, &c. in the Eastern style.*

Enter MUSTAPHA.

MUS. Where is she? Where is she? I don't see her here—She's generally leaning on that fountain, looking like the nymph of the stream, swelling it with her tears.

AZIM. [*without.*] But I say no—do you mark me, I say no—

Entering with two SLAVES.

MUS. Then I say yes, do ye mark me? What a bawling you make—What are you coming here for, hey?

AZIM. To look for that insolent female slave, that Russian, that I may manage her a little.

MUS. You manage her! Your ill humour towards her is never to be satisfied—You are as malicious as you are high—Don't I know how to manage an obstinate female as well as you?

AZIM. Ha, ha, ha! All the knowledge that nature could contrive to pack into that little carcase of thine would be insufficient for such a purpose—Manage an obstinate female! The greatest generals in the world, and the greatest tyrants have been foil'd at it—Leave her to me—I have discretion—she shall be kept on bread and water.

MUS. Mark his discretion! Keep a pretty woman on bread and water to make her contented and kind.

AZIM. 'Tis right, I'll maintain it to her teeth—for, first, she is a Russian and a bear—

Mus.

Mus. The beautiful Alexina, a Russian bear! Well, secondly?

AZIM. She is a christian, and those christians are the most unnaturalist creatures in the world—Why, man, they betray their friends, and love their enemies, ha, ha!

Mus. Do they so? Then she's no christian—for as to loving her enemies, I have heard her say to thy face, that she hates thee—So, let her be treated like an honest Turk.

AZIM. So she shall—an honest Turk returns hate for hate, and so, d'ye see, her feast shall be a fast.

[Goes off at the top.

Mus. Take care of the orders I gave ye—When our master arrives, let no one be over busy to speak of this Russian slave—if possible, I would have him forget that she is in the Haram.

SLAVES. We shall be careful. [Exeunt SLAVES.

Enter ALEXINA from the top, follow'd by AZIM.

ALEX. Pursue me not, thou inexorable slave! You invade my retirement, you drive me from solitude, though solitude alone can mitigate my sorrows.

AZIM. Nonsense—Solitude and retirement! *they* were made for birds of night; owls may rejoice in them, but women should seek day-light.

ALEX. Day-light gives me no joy. Through eleven weeks have I dragg'd on a torpid existence—See! (*going to a tree*) here is the sad register of my days of infelicity. My bodkin on its tender rind hath mark'd the return of each *unballow'd* SABBATH;—the wounds now but just discernible will deepen as the tree advances to maturity, and speak in another age, the miseries of Alexina.

[Takes up a folded paper from amongst the shrubs.

A paper!—poetry! ah, how descriptive of my own sensations—which of my companions hath thus melodiously sung her sorrows? [*reads*]

I a poor captive feel each day
 That slowly creeps with leaden pace,
 Blest freedom here ne'er lends her ray—
 Her bright steps here, we never trace.

Oh that wild on some high mountain
 I could catch the wand'ring winds,
 Or starting from some desert fountain,
 Emulate the bounding hinds!

The clouds that swim in air's soft ocean,
 Seem to scorn my prison towers,
 Zephyr's light unfetter'd motion,
 Deeper, heavier, makes my hours.

AZIM. [*snatching the paper from her hand.*]
 Such a wailing about freedom and liberty! why the christians in one of the northern islands have established a slave trade, and proved by act of parliament that freedom is no blessing at all.

MUS. No, no, they have only proved that it does not suit dark complexions. To such a pretty creature as this, they'd think it a blessing to *give* every freedom—and *take* every freedom.

AZIM. Come, come, be gay and happy, like the rest of the slaves. How stands your mind to-day towards a handsome Bassa? Our master is returning from the camp—The cessation of hostilities will give him a short leisure, which he will certainly devote to pleasure and his haram.

ALEX. Mustapha, do not let that unfeeling slave talk to me—thou hast humanity.

MUS. Would I could administer to his disease, it is a terrible one! the love of talking is in him an absolute frenzy! To silence him is impossible—but as I have power over him, I can oblige him to retire—Go!

AZIM. Go! What, shall an insolent christian?—

MUS. Go, go!

AZIM. She shall repent.

[*Exit.*

ALEX.

ALEX. Doth your master indeed return to-day?

MUS. Yes; and all the women of his haram are preparing for his reception—they, half frantic with joy, wonder to behold your tears.

ALEX. I am not a woman of his haram [*with disdain*]

MUS. But, charming Alexina, can you hope longer to escape? To-day he will see you.

[ALEXINA stands a moment as tho' struck, then clasps her hands with an action of despair; then turns.]

ALEX. Oh Mustapha! behold a lowly suppliant. [*Kneels*] She is of no vulgar rank who thus kneels to you for protection.

MUS. For protection! I am myself a slave—Rise, dear lady.

ALEX. [*Rising*] But thou hast power with thy master. Oh! invent some excuse—say something to save me from the interview.

MUS. I will consider—I—[*music at a distance*] Nay, if it must be so, conceal yourself at once, for I hear the music which announces his approach; and he will probably hasten hither.

ALEX. O miserable speed! I go—Mustapha, on thy eloquence depends my breath—The moments of my life are number'd by thy success—Press fearlessly the cause of virtue, and glow with the sainted subject.

Thus, tho' a slave, thy soul's high state
Shall prove its origin divine,
Soar far above thy wretched fate,
And o'er thy chains sublimely shine. [*Exit.*]

MUS. Why, as to chastity, and all that, which you make an orthodox article of, sweet one! we Turks are a sort of dissenters—a woman's virtue with us, is to CHARM, and her religion should be LOVE.—Ah, ha! here comes Ibrahim, and his whole haram—His creed is love, and there is not a more orthodox man in the country.

Enter

Enter LAURETTA and FATIMA [hastily.]

LAUR. Ah! Mustapha, the Bassa is arrived full of triumph, full of wishes, panting to behold Alexina—What will become of her? Where is she?

Mus. She just now run off on that side, and I shall run off on this—for I have not settled what to say about her, and BASSAS and TYGERS are animals not made to be trifled with. *[Exit.]*

FAT. Well, let that pretty melancholy slave feel as she pleases—I, for my part, am half out of my wits, to think how happy we shall be now the Bassa is come back—we shall have nothing but whim and entertainment.—Have you been looking at the new pavilion to day?

LAUR. No.

FAT. O dear! it is almost finished—The hangings are gold tissue, and when our beautiful sofa, which we have been making for him is set up, and the Bassa sees it all together, he will be transported.—Do you not think so? Hark! here he comes with all the ensigns of war at his heels.—O no—they come first, I protest—I'll stand here, and take a view of the whole.

[A march is play'd. Standard bearers advance first; they are followed by female slaves, who dance down the stage to light music, and exit. The chorus singers follow; female slaves strewing flowers from little baskets succeed; the Bassa then appears at the top with his principal officers.]

Chorus. SELIM, LAUR. FAT. &c.

Hark! sound the trumpet, breathe the flute,
And touch the soft melodious lute:

To heav'n let ev'ry grateful sound ascend,

Thanks for our prince restor'd,

Our lover, and our friend.

Victorious hero! blooming sage!

The scourge and glory of our age!

Let

Let roseate pleasures round thy footsteps twine,
 And lead thee on to joy,
 And bless thy valiant line !
 Vain breathes the trumpet and the flute,
 And lost the soft melodious lute,
 When, Ibrahim! thy praise they wou'd display.
 Sunk in the lofty theme,
 As twilight yields to day!

IBRA. Enough of praise, and of triumph! A sweeter triumph than your songs can bestow, awaits me—Where is the lovely Russian, who, tho' my captive more than two moons, I have not yet beheld?

AZIM. We rejoice in our lord's return, that her pride may be humbled.—The insolence of her carriage, and the perverseness of her temper, are intolerable.

IBRA. Thou hast seen her, Muley, does she justify Azim's description?

MULEY. She is reserved, my lord, reserved and melancholy—but she is too gentle to be insolent.

AZIM. Muley knows her not—Canst thou believe it, mighty Bassa, the idea of surrend'ring her charms to thee, and of being raised to the honour of thy notice, has never once soften'd her ill humour, nor abated her melancholy.

IBRA. Indeed! [*Angrily*] Bring her to me instantly—yes, instantly bid her come to my presence, and tell her—No—hold—i will receive her in my hall of audience, dazzle her with my greatness, and astonish her into love.

LAUR. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

IBRA. Why that laugh, Lauretta?

LAUR. Ha, ha, ha! at your new invention of astonishing people into love.—If you can contrive to do that, you will be the most astonishing *Bashaw* in all Turkey.

IBRA. How then?

LAUR. Grandeur and dignity to inspire love! Ha, ha, ha! they may inspire your pretty captive with veneration and respect—but veneration and respect is an atmosphere so cold, that loves starves in it.

IBRA.

IBRA. What then must I do to touch her heart with love?

LAUR. Affect humility; not greatness. You must become a suppliant, before you can hope to be a victor.

IBRA. Dost thou speak truth, my pretty Italian?—Thy country is the country of love, and thou should'st be an adept in the science.

LAUR. Yes; I know the history of the heart, and do assure you, that you must become the slave of your captive, if you ever mean to taste the sublime excesses of a mutual passion.

AZIM. [*contemptuously*] Mutual passion! Sir, she is your slave, *command* her! Such baseness may besit an Italian, but a Mussulman is more sensible to his dignity.

IBRA. I will hear you both further on the subject—The iron labour of the war is for a few weeks suspended—and during that cessation, Pleasure! I am thine. Prepare your banquets, compose new delights, let every hour teem with fresh-invented joys, till I forget the toils of the sanguinary field, and bathe my wounds with rosy-finger'd love.

[*Exit with part of his train.*]

FAT. Well, he's in delightful spirits—But how strange it is that the Russian slave shou'd not have presented herself to welcome her master, and to give him an impression of her charms.

LAUR. Stranger if she had, when nothing frightens her so much as the idea of inspiring him with a passion—I am interested for her, and it is for this reason I shall endeavour to make Ibrahim pursue a conduct not usual from a mighty Mussulman to his slave.

[*Exit.*]

FAT. Hark ye, Azim! What makes your lovely countenance look so grim, when we are all so gay? I declare your glum face suits the day as little as a black patch upon a gold robe—Change it, man, change it! and don't be afraid of losing any thing by it, for you must look carefully to pick up a worse.

[*Exit.*]

MULEY. Azim, since I saw thee last, I have trod the paths of glory—I have slumbered amidst the frosts of the night, I have toil'd amidst the streams of burning day; but I return and find thee the same.—With me all things have chang'd, but thou art unalter'd.—Thy temper, like the deep shadow of the forest, is sometimes chequer'd by the dart of the angry lightning, but the serene cheerfulness of the morning dwells not with thee.

AZIM. Well, and what then? If you like me not, thwart me not. There's room enough in Turkey for thee and for me.—Let the crow and the vulture rest on the same tree; but may thou and I live as far apart as the streams of Ilyssus, and the waters of the Bosphorus.

SELIM. Surely thy evil disposition must be a scourge to thy soul—it must be affliction to thee.

S O N G, SELIM.

Ah! teach thy breast soft pity's throb,
 And harmonize thy rugged mind,
 Ah! teach thy lid soft pity's tear,
 That gem of sentiment refined.
 Could'st thou once know the tender bliss
 The syn pathizing bosom knows,
 When at meek sorrow's sacred touch,
 Responsive sadness round it flows—
 No more thy brow wou'd wear that frown,
 Thy glance no more so sternly dart,
 But joys would glitter in thy eye,
 And peace cling gladly to thy heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE *An Apartment in the BASSA's Palace.*

IBRAHIM *discovered, seated under a Canopy, Officers and Slaves attending.*

Enter MULEY.

IBRA. SAY, valiant Muley, where are your prisoners?

MULEY. Waiting at your threshold for admittance.

IBRA. Are they of rank?

MULEY. I suspect one of them conceals his rank with the hopes of lowering his ransom—the other is his servant.

IBRA. Bring them before me. *[Exit MULEY.]*

Re enter MULEY with ORLOFF and A LA GREQUE.

IBRA. Who are you?

ORLOFF. A soldier.

IBRA. The enemy of our faith.

ORLOFF. The enemy of those only who oppose the interests of my sovereign—To chastize them I this morning bore a sword which your slaves won from me, hardly! Let them consider it as the noblest acquisition of the day.

IBRA. Christian, this air of intrepidity, when amidst the soldiers of the Russian camp, might have suited thy condition; thou art now a slave thyself, acquire then that humility which becomes thy state.

ORLOFF. Dishonourable! I demand my liberty.—A truce has been proclaim'd, and—

IBRA. Not till after thou wert captured; thou art, therefore, by the laws of arms, fairly our prisoner.

soner.—Give him the slave's habit, and set him to labour. Who art *thou*?

A LA GR. Not a Russian, dear Sir, 'pon my honour, nor the enemy of your faith; I believe it's a very genteel faith, and I have all the respect in the world for Turkish gentlemen.—I never saw prettier behav'd, prettier drest'd people in my life—they have as much politeness and good breeding as tho' they were my own countrymen.

IBRA. Of what country are thou?

A LA GR. Oh, Paris, Sir, Paris. I travell'd into Russia to polish the brutes a little, and to give them some ideas of the general equality of man; but my generosity has been lost;—they still continue to believe that a prince is more than a porter, and that a lord is a better gentleman than his slave. O, had they but been with me at Versailles, when I help'd to turn those things topsy turvey there!

IBRA. Did you find them equally dull in other respects.

A LA GR. - Yes. Finding they would not learn liberty, I would have taught them dancing, but they seem'd as incapable of one blessing as the other; so, now I am led a dance by this gentleman [*turning to his master*] into your chains, in which, if I can but dance myself into your favour, I shall think it the best *step* I ever took.

IBRA. The freedom of thy speech does not displease me.

A LA GR. Dear Sir, I am your most obedient humble slave, ready to bow my head to your sandals, and to lick the dust from your beautiful feet.

IBRA. Ha, ha, ha!

A LA GR. Ah, ah!—*ça ira!*—*ça ira!* [*springing*]

IBRA. Go, take thy late master into thy protection, and see if thou canst inspire him with thy own good humour; his chains will be the lighter.

A LA GR. Oh Sir, as to chains, I value them not a rush; if it is your highness's sweet pleasure to load me with them, I shall be thankful for the honour, and dance to their clink—Bless ye, Sir,
chains

chains were as natural to other day to *Frenchmen* as mother's milk.

IBRA. Take them away.

[*Exit ORLOFF, A LA GREQUE, &c.*]

IBRA. Well, Azim, where is this lovely Russian?

Enter AZIM.

AZIM. Mighty lord, thy servant dares scarce pronounce his errand.—She refuses to come.

IBRA. How!

AZIM. I delivered your commands, I ordered her on pain of death to appear instantly before you, yet she still refuses. She talks of her sacred honour, and I know not what.

IBRA. [*Pausing*] Cold,—unimpassion'd,—not to be awed,—and a sacred regard for her honour—Then, at length, I shall taste the joy of overcoming RESISTANCE. [*with an action of pleasure*]

AZIM. What means my lord?

IBRA. I am fatiated, I am tired with the dull acquiescence of our eastern slaves, and rejoice that I have at length found one, who will teach me to hope and to despair.

AZIM. Mighty Bassa, she will have the insolence to despise equally your threats and your love—Punishment ought to be inflicted.

IBRA. Beware how thou endeavourest to weaken her hauteur! I will abate nothing of her inflexibility, I will be enamour'd of scorn, her cruelty shall be my triumph.

Enter LAURETTA.

AZIM. I say then, my Lord.

IBRA. What! am I to be opposed—retire, slave!

LAUR. Why do you not go? have you not leave to depart? Come, try the fresh air, Goodman Whiskers. (*pulling him out by the sleeve*) I declare, my Lord, that busy meddling slave is not able to conduct an affair of this sort—but, Sir, if you will follow my advice, I'll engage—

IBRA. I'll follow *no* advice—My heart spurns at *instructions*, and equally contemns both your lessons and his—

LAUR. Upon my word, he's advanc'd a great way in a short time—follow no advice! [*aside*]

IBRA. There is a transport which I have never yet experienc'd, but which my soul longs to possess—Yes, my heart languishes to remove the timid veil of coyness, to soften by sweet degrees, the ice of chastity, and to see for once, reserve sacrificed at the altar of tenderness; *these*, cruel Love! are luxuries thou hast never yet bestowed on me. [*Exit.*]

LAUR. So, so! 'tis dangerous to give some people a hint, I find—I thought to have held the master-spring, and to have managed him like a puppet; but presto! he's out of sight before I knew I had lost him, and leaves his instructor groveling behind—I must seek some other field for my talents, I see. [*considering*] Yes, I think, I think that may do—Muley, and the other four, with our little Mustapha—Yes, yes; with these half dozen, I'll weave a web of amusement to crack the sides of a dozen gloomy harems with laughter—Mercy! what a sleepy life wou'd our valiant Bassa and his damsels lead, but for my talents at invention. [*Exit.*]

SCENE The Garden.

Enter MUSTAPHA, AZIM, and FATIMA.

MUS. All thy malice is not worth that. [*snapping his fingers.*]

FAT. That's right, my little Mustapha, [*patting him on the shoulder*] don't mind him; he's never happy, but when he's plaguing somebody—What has the pretty Russian done to you, that you should be so set on making her wretched?

MUS. I tell thee Alexina shall not be made miserable whilst I have a hair in my beard.

FAT. There, do you hear, Mr. Sour Chops? I am sure if all the slaves who have the care of us, had your ill-nature, I had rather sink down into the condition

dition of a water-carrier, than live in a great man's harem.

AZIM. I tell thee, that should she become the favourite slave, thou wilt repent thy blind prejudice—We shall then all be in her power—tremble at her revenge.

MUS. Tremble thou, whose persecutions will make thee a proper object of her revenge—for me, what will she have to return me but offices of respect and kindness? Go, go, thy turbulent spirit makes thee hateful.

Voice [*without*] Fatima! Fatima!

FAT. I'll come instantly—And you shall come with me. [*running up to AZIM*] Nay, 'tis in vain to resist, there is a dozen of us in the next walk, and we'll mould you into a better temper'd monster before we have done with you, I warrant. Selima! Basca! come and help me.

MUS. Begone, I say.

FAT. O, what you move, do you? The creature is mended already. [*Exit, dragging out AZIM.*]

MUS. So, my Lord Bassa, that hasty step, and that eager look proclaim thy errand—I know thou wilt catch the bird at last; but I will keep the little flutterer from thee as long as I can.

Enter IBRAHIM, [hastily].

IBRA. Where is the Russian slave? the women tell me she spends her hours in my garden, but I cannot see her here, though her fragrant breath seems to salute me from the rose trees, and her melodious voice from amidst the bushes, where the painted songsters pour forth their strains. Where is she, Mustapha?

MUS. I saw her awhile ago at the right there somewhere, but may be she's at the left by this time—There's no guessing.

IBRA. Azim complains that she is an insolent and scornful beauty, not gentle, nor complaisant in the least.

MUS.

Mus. I'll follow the lead, and destroy every wish he may have to behold her [*aside*] Yes, yes; as to insolence, march me her fellow if you can—Bless us, to see the difference! Why, my Lord, our Eastern beauties are so gentle, so complying, they scarcely give you time to wish.

IBRA. Thou say'st right [*smiling*].

Mus. Pretty creatures! if a man does but look at them, they drop like a ripe cherry from the bough—No coldness, no disdain; but as to this proud Russian, it would be easier to march an army to St. Petersburg, and whip the Empress through a keyhole into your baggage waggon, than to subdue her petulance.

IBRA. Dost thou think so? Oh, ev'ry word thou utterest gives new ardor to my hopes, new impulses to my desires—I adore her.

Mus. Alack! alack! [*with surprise*].

IBRA. Oh, Multapha, my imagination paints her till my heart grows sick with love! I see the beauteous scorner dart living lightnings from her eye, and her cheek glow with chaste disdain; I weep in anguish at her feet, I implore her compassion—Melted with my love, yet still rigid and reserv'd, I behold the bewitching conflict in her soul—I triumph in the discovery, yet conceal my delight, still implore, still complain, then seize some happy instant, when her whole soul is touch'd, and boast a victory indeed!

Mus. What then—What then, my Lord, you are not displeas'd at her haughtiness?

IBRA. Displeas'd! [*smiling*].

Mus. So, so, so! I have been driving on when I thought I had been pulling back; spurring a mettled courser, and neglecting the check rein [*aside*].

IBRA. Go on to paint her—pencil her in all her fascinating pride, deck her in the coldness which dwells on the polar Alp! My glowing soul shall burn at the description, and blaze with the fierceness of newly tasted love.

Mus. Why, as to that—to be sure as to that, she is as cold as the Alps, and all their snow-balls—the perfectly

perfectly make's one's teeth chatter at her.—But then—

IBRA. What? [*impatiently*] then what?

MUS. Why, if truth must be spoke, there is, after all, something oddish about her.

IBRA. Oddish!

MUS. Why now, my Lord, look at me—pray look at me—Ay, my Lord Bassa, examine me well.

IBRA. To what purpose?

MUS. Why, the ladies of your harem say that this same beautiful Russian is exceedingly like me.

IBRA. Ridiculous!

MUS. Particularly about the nose: [Ibra. *shows impatience*] Nay, there are handsome likenesses, my Lord—I don't say but that she may be rather handsomer,

IBRA. Thou art mad.

MUS. Not that ever I saw the likeness myself—except something in the shape indeed—But there I have the advantage, for her right shoulder, and her right ear, have too right an understanding, they are always together. Then her hair, to be sure it may suit some people, but according to my fancy, the colour is execrable.

IBRA. Wretch, wert thou a christian, I shou'd believe thee intoxicated with wine—But I'll this instant seek the charmer, and judge how far—[*going off*].

Enter SELIM on the opposite side.

SELIM. My Lord, a Messenger from the Divan.

IBRA. [*turns and stamps*] What say'st thou?

SELIM. A message from the Divan with weighty dispatches.

IBRA. I wish they had been *weighttier*, that his speed might have been less—Let him wait and be refreshed. [*still going*]

SELIM. He is order'd to hurry your reply, and to return without delay to the Sublime Porte.

IBRA. Impossible! I say—I—would the Sublime Porte were sunk beneath their own lumber. [*Exit.*

SELIM.

SELIM. What is all this? What does the wind carry now?

MUS. [*angrily*] Whims and oddities of all sorts and colours—The humours of Bassas I find it is as impossible to guess at, as at the weight of moonshine.

SELIM. See! Alexina is weeping in that arbour.

MUS. Bless her! And her cheeks through the shining tear, look like carnations when they are first washed in the dew of the morning.—Retire for a moment. [*Exit SELIM.*]

Enter ALEX. from an Alcove.

ALEX. O Mustapha! I have witness'd thy kindness trembling and grateful—But, alas! what will it avail? The darkness of night hangs upon my soul—Hope has forsaken me!

MUS. Ay, that's because you did not grasp her fast—I treat Hope as you would a favourite lover, Lady! never lose sight of it.

ALEX. Thou art light!

MUS. Even so is hope—as light as one of your own country rein deer—and to carry on the comparison, it will whisk you *like* a rein-deer over all the bitter frosts of life: Buckle hope to your sledge, and you will travel over the tiresome waste, disdaining the blast, and smiling at the tempest.

ALEX. O that I could *seize* her! But how is it possible within these walls? These walls, the temple of loose desires, the abode of a tyrant and his slaves? Mustapha! couldst thou effect my escape?

MUS. There indeed, hope will give you the slip—for I could as easily escape into the air, and pluck a feather from the flying eagle, as help you in that, and to tell you the truth, my master will not much longer be dallied with.

ALEX. Dreadful words! Thou canst not guess at their weight—a tumbling rock to crush this worthless frame, would not,—could not give me half the horror.

MUS. She frightens me—her eye is wild!

ALEX.

ALEX. I do swear to thee,—THEE! to whom my fruitless vows were paid, never to forget that I am thine—never to suffer the slightest violation of our sacred love.—This [*drawing a dagger*] is thy surety. To be used in that moment, when heav'n itself will approve the suicide, when applauding angels will nerve my arm to strike the blow! and this vow, I call thee, heav'n, from thy highest throne, to witness and record! [*Exit.*]

MUS. By my turban, I hardly know where I stand. Women of different countries have different souls, I believe; and I am sure this is the first time this sort of soul was ever in a harem [*walks a little and considers*]. Come hither, Selim.

Enter SELIM.

MUS. Go to the Janissary Heli, he has sent me notice, that he has captured some slaves and other merchandize.—Tell him I shall be directly there, to look at his women and his velvets.

SELIM. So! then we shall have some other females, fate willing to plague us. I swear of all the merchandize our traders deal in, that of women is the most troublesome and unprofitable—And our wise and puissant Bassa is as much out in his chart of courtship, as he would be in that of the moon.—Why, he's as melancholy as a moping Spaniard on the outside of his mistress's grate.

DUETTE. SELIM and MUSTAPHA.

Deuce take whining,
Pouting, pining,
What jokes in all this pothor,
If one wont do,
Nor let me woo,
I'd fit me with another.
If blue eyes frown,
I'd turn to brown,
Nor lose an hour in sighing,
Shou'd all the sex
Combine to vex,
They'd ne'er see me dying.

SCENE

SCENE *A wide Court with several unfinished Buildings.*

[*Slaves discover'd at work at a distance. Two slaves drive barrows across the stage, and go off, followed by A LA GREQUE.*]

A LA GR. Aye, wheel away, comrades—wheel away! Hang me if I do though. I'll wheel no more of their rubbish. Let the Bassa dig his own dirt [*oversetting the barrow*]. Why, the sun here in Turkey seems to mind nothing but how to keep himself warm [*seating himself on the ground*]. The poets talk of his being a coachman by trade; but hang me if I don't believe he was a baker, and his oven is always hot.—I wish he'd make acquaintance with a north wind now, for half an hour, or a good strong south wester.—Lud, lud! how I do long for a wind! If I was in Lapland, I'd buy all that the witches of that country have bottled up for ten years to come [*sings*].

Blow, ye pretty little breezes,
Bustle, bustle midst the trees.

Enter AZIM.

AZIM. How now, you lazy boar! What are you seated for, and tuning your pipes in the middle of the day?—To work—to work, sirrah!

A LA GR. Tuning my pipes! Why, I like to tune my pipes—and I don't like to work, good Mr. Mussulman—I don't indeed!

AZIM. Then you shall sinart, good Mr. Christian [*shaking his whip*].

A LA GR. What, would you take the trouble to beat me such a day as this? My dear Sir, the fatigue wou'd kill you—I can't be so unchristian as to suffer it [*Azim gives him a stroke*]. Nay, if you strike, [*getting up*] I stand.—Pray, Sir; what may be your office in this place?

AZIM. To keep you and your fellow-slaves to their duty.

A LA GR. And who keeps *you* to *your* duty?

AZIM. Who? why, myself to be sure.

A LA GR. Then I think yourself is a very ill-favour'd scoundrel, to oblige you to perform a duty so distressing to your politeness.

AZIM. You are an odd fish!

A LA GR. No, I am one of a pair—I have a twin-brother just like me.

AZIM. The man who was taken with you?

A LA GR. No—he has not such good fortune; he's a Russian count, poor fellow! and was my master.—Gad, I could make you laugh about him.

AZIM. Well!

A LA GR. About two months ago, Mr. Slave-driver, he was married.

AZIM. Well!

A LA GR. A pretty girl faith, and daughter to one of our great Russian boyards—a boyard ranks as a marquis did in France, and as a laird still does in Scotland—I love to elucidate.

AZIM. Well!

A LA GR. So, Sir, a few hours after the ceremony, before the sun was gone down, and before the moon had thought about dressing herself for the evening—Whip! his pretty bride was gone.

AZIM. Where?

A LA GR. That's the very thing he would get at.—Ma'am and he were walking like two doves in the boyard's garden, which garden was border'd by trees, which trees were border'd by the sea—Out springs from the wood forty Turks with forty sabres, and forty pair of great monstrous whiskers, which so frighten'd the bride, that instead of running away, she fainted away, and staid there.

AZIM. Hah, hah! then my countrymen had a prize.

A LA GR. That they had, worth two Jew's eyes. Six of them hurried off with her to a Felucca, which lay at the edge of the wood; and all the rest employ'd

my master. I suppose they would have had him too, but the boyard, with a large party of friends, appearing at the top of a walk, they thought fit to make off with what they had.—Well, my master's bridal bed was, that night, the beach, where he staid raving and beating himself, as tho' he took himself for one of the Turkish ravishers.

AZIM. Ha, ha, ha! thy story is well—so, all that night he walk'd in the garden—Oh, and the nightingales, I warrant, sung responses to his complaints, and the melancholy wood-dove cooed in sympathetic sorrow.—It must have been very pleasant.

A LA GR. O, a pleasant night as could be; but it cost him a fortnight's lying in bed; for a hissing hot fever laid hold of him; and the doctors, with all their rank and file of phials and bolusses, could hardly drive him out of his veins.

AZIM. Well, now go to your labour [*twirling him round*].

A LA GR. O, my dear domine, I have not finish'd yet.—I want to tell you how he join'd the army, to have an opportunity of revenge, and how, in all the skirmishes we have had, he has drawn more Turkish blood than——

AZIM. Go! you are an idle rascal, and would rather talk an hour than work a minute—Go, or I will draw some of thy French blood to balance accounts with your master.

A LA GR. Sir, you are extremely polite; the most gentleman-like, civil, courtly, well-behav'd slave-driver I have ever had the felicity to encounter [*takes up the barrow*] My service to your Lady, Sir! [*Azim lashes him off.*]

AZIM. The time he mentions, about two months; is about the period when our Felucca landed Alexina, and his account tallies exactly with the account of the sailors—Aye, it must be so.—Now, would it *add* to her misery to know that her husband is so near her? I must consider, and she shall either know it, or not, according to the effect which I think it will produce.—I know she hates me, and let her look to it.

Enter

Enter ORLOFF,

My good Lord Count, pray be so good as to take this spade in your hand—Dig you must, and shall—I have had the honour to bring down as noble spirits as yours to the grindstone before now.

ORLOFF. Inflict your punishments! to those I can submit, but not to labour.

AZIM. Why not? Has Nature made any distinction between you and the rest of the slaves? Look at yourself, Sir!—Your form, your limbs, your habit! are they in aught different from the rest?

ORLOFF. [*baughtily*] BIRTH has made a distinction!

AZIM. That I deny—The plea of birth is of all others the most shadowy. There; at least, Nature has been strictly impartial: the son of an Empress receives life on the same terms with the son of a peasant.

ORLOFF. Pride then, and Fortune, make distinctions.

AZIM. True; but Fortune has deserted you, and pray recommend it to your pride to follow her, that you may, without trouble, attend to your business.—Here! take the spade.

ORLOFF. [*snatches the spade and flings it down*] There, if you dare again insult me, I'll hurl thee there, and tread on thee.

AZIM. Now, if the Bassa had not commanded me to be gentle to him, I would have beaten him with thongs till his broken spirit brought him to my feet for mercy: but if I can't bend it, I'll torture it. [*aside*] So, you think to master me, do ye?

ORLOFF. I think not of thee.

AZIM. No, I suppose—Ha, ha!—I suppose your pretty wife is——

ORLOFF. My wife—my wife—Oh, art thou apprized that I had a wife? [*AZIM grins*] Oh! speak to me, tell me if thou know'st her—Nay, turn not from me!—All the lineaments of thy face become

important—if thou wilt not speak to me, let me gaze on *them*, and there gather my fate.

AZIM. Well, gaze and gaze! Can'st thou there read her story? Dost thou know *whether* she breathes, and *where*? Dost thou behold thy lovely wife triumphant in a seraglio, or submissive in a bathing house?

ORLOFF. Oh, villain! monster! neither. By every glittering star in heaven, if she lives, she's chaste! [*pauses and strikes his forehead*] Had I gold and jewels, I would pour the treasure at thy feet, but now have mercy on me—Oh, I beseech thee, tell me if Alexina lives.

AZIM. Ha, ha, ha! if Alexina lives! [*laughs again, then walks slowly off.*]

ORLOFF. Nay, thou shalt not avoid me—I will pursue thee, kneel at thy feet, perform the most menial offices, so thou wilt tell me of my Alexina!

AZIM. [*turning*] Now, where are the distinctions of thy birth? Do they prevent thy feeling like the vulgarest son of Nature?

ORLOFF. Thou shalt chide long, if thou wilt at length soften the anguish of my soul—Oh, hear me, hear me! [*Follows him out.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III

SCENE I. *The Garden.**Enter MUSTAPHA.*

COME along, I say—Why, what do you stand there for?—O the difference of women! This is a stubborn one, I warrant her—Though she saw me pay down the money for her, she has not the least notion that she's a slave—Well, if you won't come, Madam, I'll fetch ye.—[*Goes out and re-enters with PAULINA, new-dress'd.*]

PAU. Law! how you hawl one—I tell ye, I don't like to walk here—Let me alone. [*Trying to disengage her hand.*]

MUS. Come, come, Madam, none of your airs—You must here be obedient and civil—Come along. The Janissary of whom I bought you, told me you was a good natured, complaisant creature.

PAU. Yes, but he was not so rough as you are; he made me throw away my peasant weeds, and gave me all these fine cloaths. See this tiffany, all spotted with silver; look at this beautiful turban—He gave it me all!

MUS. Why, that was only to set off your beauty, that you might fetch a better price; but I bought you for your good humour only. Here is a sweet woman who pines and sighs till she puts one in mind of a myrtle blossom, all paleness and fragrance.

PAU. [*with quickness*]. What's that to I? I suppose I shall be pale and flagrant too, if I am to be kept down by you.

MUS. Who wants to keep you down? Behave yourself prettily, and you may live as merrily here as sparrows upon a may-bush. The gentle creature for

whom I bought ye, is your countrywoman, and I guess'd you might divert her with your *sensible* prattle.

PAU. Ah, did you so? Why, you guess'd as tho' it was your trade then—for I am the most divertingest creature in our whole village, and if I could but see my father, and brother Peter—

Mus. Well, if you behave discreetly—I'll buy your father, and brother Peter—

PAU. Buy! buy! Why, you talk of buying us, as though we were baskets of eggs, or bales of cotton.

Mus. Yes, it is the mode here—Every country has its fancies, and we are so fond of liberty, that we always buy it up as a rarity.

PAU. What, did you buy all those ugly men that I see at work yonder?

Mus. Men! Make no mistakes, child—It would be death for a man to be seen here. None ever venture a foot within these shades.

PAU. No! why then do *you* venture here?

Mus. O, as for me, I—I—hold your tongue, [*angrily*] and make no impertinent inquiries.

PAU. But I *will* make inquiries. What do' all them there ugly men do here, I say?

Mus. Why them there ugly men were bought to keep you pretty women in order.

PAU. In order! Why what controul have they over us?

Mus. Oh, they are guards and spies; and are now and then convenient at taking off a lady's head, or suiting her neck with a bowstring, when the whim happens to seize a great man, of amusing his seraglio with a tragic gala.

PAU. Why, what wicked wretches you all are, then! Get out of my sight, do! You look so ugly I can't bear ye, and if I was a great man, I'd string you all together upon a rope that shou'd reach from here to Saint Petersburg.

Mus. Ah, you have a spirit, I see—Hark ye, hussy [*seizes her arm.*]

PAU.

PAU. O, dear heart, do not look so ferocious! I really believe you are a female tyger.

MUS. Dread my claws then! See, here is the gentle creature for whom I bought thee—had she had thy impertinence, she might have pined in solitude for me.

Enter ALEXINA, [Hastily.]

ALEX. Nay, but it is—Impossible! And yet it is so! Art thou not Paulina, the daughter of my father's vassal, Petrowitz?—Alas! thou art. Unhappy girl! what——

PAU. Goodness, goodness! If it is not the Lady Alexina, may I be whipt!

ALEX. Dear Paulina, what dreadful destiny brought thee hither?

PAU. Destiny do you call him? [*looking at Mustafa*] Why, this place is all full of dreadful destinies, I think. Some with black whiskers, and some with grey ones. Was it this little odd destiny who bought you too?

ALEX. Alas! thy question brings back such a rush of sorrows—Oh! thou canst not be ignorant that I was torn from my husband within the very hour that made me his, [*weeps*] and dragg'd from bliss to slavery.

PAU. I did not know that you was *here*—but I am monstrous glad to meet you here—it is the luckiest thing—I have always been in luck!

MUS. Yes, that compliment is a proof of it. You are vastly lucky there! Well, go on, and amuse her, child—I shall enlarge your party presently. [*Goes out.*]

PAU. The little body is as pert as though it was five feet high—But, for all him, I will say, my dear lady, that I would not but have seen you here for the best gown I have—Not even for this, though it is so fine.

ALEX. Hah, Paulina! I fear that this dress is the mark of thy dishonour—I fear thou art undone!

PAU.

PAU. Undone indeed! I think we are both undone; to be brought into such an odd, out-of-the-way country as this—ha, ha, ha, ha. I have been here but an hour, and it seems an hundred—In one place a parcel of copper-colour creatures, without tongues, pop out, glaring with their swower eyes, and if you want to talk and be a little sociable, ba, ba, ba, is all you can get—I believe they learnt their alphabet of the sheep—Then in another corner—

ALEX [*impatiently*] Pray reserve your observations—I have questions to ask, which tear my heart-strings to pronounce—Speak to me of Orloff—Oh, my Orloff! Speak to me of my parents.—Did they *support* the moment which dragg'd me from them?

PAU. Truly as bad as you cou'd wish—At last 't was said that my Lord, the Count, went into the army, and there he has play'd about him valiantly! I warrant he'll pay the Turks for robbing him of you, though, may be, they won't like his coin.

ALEX. Oh, preserve him THOU, in whose hand remains the fate of battles!

Enter MUSTAPHA, with LAURETTA.

MUS. Here, I have brought ye Lauretta; she is a girl of enterprise, and I have a fancy which her intriguing spirit will bring to perfection.

ALEX. Alas! how can she serve me? Can she restore me to my country—to my husband—?

MUS. Fear her not—she has as many plots as dimples; so I leave ye together—Stand on one side. [*To Pau. who is in his way.*]

PAU. Aye, on any side but your's, Mr. Destiny [*crosses.*—I hope you and I shall be always at contrary sides.

MUS. So hope I, Miss Nimble Tongue! For if you were always beside me, I should soon be beside myself. [*Exit.*]

LAUR. Dear madam, look a little cheerfully—I have a thought in my head—Hark ye, my dear [*to Paulina*].

Paulina—you are a Russian, I find—What sort of lovers do your countrymen make?

PAU. How should I know? I never had but three—One was old enough to be my father, so, I used to kneel down and ask his blessing—So, one day, he gave me a curse, and walked off.—The next was a school-master, and he had such a trick of correction, that, had I married him, I should have been in constant fear of the birch.—The third was a soldier—but as I neither liked to follow the camp, nor to live a widow bewitch'd, I made him beat his march.

LAUR. Brava! you dispos'd of them all like a girl of spirit, and yet, I think, had the case been mine, I should have taken a march with the soldier—I do love soldiers.—A regiment on its march always makes my heart shiver to pieces amongst a thousand Cæsars and Alexanders. [*To Alexina*] Has the Basia seen you yet?

ALEX. He sent by Muley to command me to his presence, but I will first rush into the arms of death.

LAUR. Ha, ha, ha! such a resolution in this country! Rather rush into the arms of death, than into the arms of a handsome lover! the notion is exotic—it is an ice plant of the North—and our hot sun will wither its honours, depend on't.

ALEX. [*Scornfully.*] Are you the friend who was to soothe my sorrows? Alas! where shall HONOUR be *honour'd*, if the mouth of WOMAN cast on its contempt!

LAUR. Ah, pardon my levity, for I mean to serve you.

ALEX. In *you*, the contented inhabitant of a seraglio, such a profanation may be pardon'd; but alas! in the world, the grace of chastity is scarcely longer acknowledged! I have heard the wife and the daughter affix ridicule to the name. O virtue! where canst thou expect worship, when the speech of the matron and the virgin *unhallows* thy sacred idea?

LAUR. I am not so lost, but I can feel and *thank* you for your reproof; and as the first fruits of it, I will labour for your escape from a situation, which,

to you, must be misery indeed! But, madam, we must confer alone—I intreat you to retire with me.

ALEX. Alas! so miserable is my situation, that I am obliged to accept services from those whom the feelings of my heart wou'd expel me to shun.

[Exit.

LAUR. [To Paulina, who is following.] Ah! not so quick, miss! Do you stay here 'till I return—Stir not, I charge you.

[Exit.

PAU. Stay here, indeed! There is pretty good care taken that one shou'dn't run away. The walls are as high as a cathedral, and such frightful looking oddities prowling about, that a mouse could not run from one shrub to another without observation—How they all stare at me! So! there's another of them—He looks rather better than the rest—but I shall have nothing to say to him. [Regards her dress, &c.]

Enter IBRAHIM, followed by slaves. He turns and speaks to them with impatience.

IBRA. No more, no more of business. Let not a thought of public duty here obtrude itself—I have already sacrificed those hours to it, due to a dearer cause. [The slaves retire.] And now for my reward! Now will I seek the charming obdurate, nor ever leave—Hah! she is there! The lovely fugitive—I have found her—I have found her!

PAU. Heigho! what shall I do with myself! I'll gather flowers for lady Alexina.

IBRA. Yes, she has a thousand charms, and my heart is already in her chains.—How dared Mustapha deceive me? He talked of deformity—her form is symmetry itself, and her hair which he decried, is fit for the bow-strings of the god of love.

PAU. Hang this sharp thorn, it has made my finger bleed.

IBRA. [Advancing.] But you, charming Russian! still more barbarous, are born to make hearts bleed. [PAU. looks at him attentively, then tosses her head scornfully]

scornfully away.] What a true picture they have given me of her scorn! Will you not speak to me?

PAU. [*Looks at him again.*] I wonder at some people.

IBRA. What dost thou say? Oh, that mouth is too lovely to be closed so soon.

PAU. [*Talking to her flowers.*] You are very pretty, and you are very sweet, but you are not complete yet—Good Mr. What-d'ye-call—reach me that flower that grows so high.

IBRA. With transport! [*presents the flower.*] Shall I arrange them for you?

PAU. Get along, do!

IBRA. Teach me to do something that may not displease you.

PAU. Get out of my way, I say.

IBRA. Do you know me?

PAU. Not I, nor never desire to know ye—I wish I was out of this wretched place altogether, I know that.

IBRA. It shall be the business of my life to make you happy in it.

PAU. You! ha, ha, ha.

IBRA. You are surely unacquainted with my rank, and my situation.

PAU. No, no—I know that.—Do hold your nonsense.

IBRA. [*With displeasure.*] Your haughtiness I was prepared to bow to, but I know not how to meet your contempt.

PAU. Don't begin to redden at me—I mind ye no more than I do this fallow leaf—There—see—I blow it, and away it flies—go after it—there lies your way.

IBRA. But not the attraction—You bid me go, whilst your eyes chain me here.

PAU. Then I'll shut them—There—now how do you like me?

IBRA. In vain you shut your eyes, unless you cou'd likewise hide that rosy mouth, those teeth, those features, that form! I could love you though you were blind.

PAU.

PAU. Love! What, can you love? Such a hard-hearted—*Turkish*—creature as you love?

IBRA. Can I? yes, to distraction! It is not possible for me to tell you *how* I could adore you—Whole days wou'd be lost in gazing on your charms! I could hang on your breath like the humming-bird on the vapour of the rose, and I should drink your glances, 'till my soul, sick with excess of pleasure, would leave me scarce power to murmur forth my blifs.

PAU. Now, what can he mean by all that? I believe a bishop could not talk finer! [*Aside*] I tell ye what, mister, you may make grand speeches about this and that; but I hate both you and your love; and if ever you teize me with it any more, I'll make you repent, that I will [*sings*].

SONG. PAULINA.

You think to talk of this and that,
And keep me here in silly chat,
But I know, I know better.
'There clearly lies, kind Sir, your way,
Pursue it then I humbly pray,
And me you'll make your debtor.

Why, bless my stars, it's very odd,
That here upon this harmless sod,
I cannot stay in quiet.
But now you know so clear my mind,
Mayhap you'll leave me here behind,
The path seems wide, pray try it.

IBRA. Charming songstresses!—I dare not pursue her.—How well she knows the power of love, to treat with disdain the man in whose hands is her fate! Hah! would I suffer her thus to leave me, but that at last she *must* be mine! Go then, lovely tyrant, indulge thy scorn, and treat me like an humble slave—A moment comes when thou shalt repay me! [*Exit*.

PAU. [*Coming down*] So! he's gone!

Enter ALEXINA, MUSTAPHA, and LAURETTA.

LAUR. Hah! see what sweet flowers I have gathered for you! Why did you stay so long?

ALEX. Oh, let me embrace thee!

PAU. What, all this for the flowers?

ALEX. No, for hope—for soft returning hope! Paulina, the powerful Bassa is thy slave—He loves thee—I have witnessed your interview, and blest that fortune which has done for me in an instant, what, by a train of artifices, we meant to have procured.

MUS. Ah, but, you little rogues, 'tis I that have done it, 'tis I that have brought about all this, though like some other great actions, more is owing to chance than skill.

PAU. Why, what have you done to be so full of your brags?

LAUR. What, are you not sensible of your happiness? To have subdued the heart of one of the hand-somest, and most powerful men in the empire?

PAU. Men!—What are you talking about?—Oh then, that handsome man is not one of those odious creatures who bowstring us? Laws! how could I treat the gentleman so? I'll run after him, and make it up. [*running off*]

ALEX. [*following and holding her*] Stay! or you undo me.

PAU. Well then, the next time I see him, I'll tell him that I'm ashamed of myself; and I'll try by all due civilities to appease his anger.

ALEX. Oh, not for worlds—Still you will undo me, my fate is in your hands.

MUS. Hark ye, my pretty maid, our Bassa, like all great men, has his fancies, he does not like too much honey on his bread.

PAU. Laws! Ha, ha, ha!

LAUR. If you wish to retain his heart, you must plague it—if you are tender you'll lose him.

PAU. Why, that's the way in my country too; as soon as our ladies grow fond, their lovers grow cold; for all the world like the little Dutch painted man

E

and

and woman in the weather box, when one pops out, the other pops in—never in a mind.

MUS. Keep the lesson in *your* mind, and you may be a great lady—only take care not to begin your pops too soon. You see she is apt.

LAUR. O, as a parrot! Come, my good girl, you shall go to my chamber, and I will give you the prettiest lesson you ever yet learnt—I'll teach you in half an hour all the arts of a fine lady, and you shall be able to play on your lover as you wou'd on an harpsichord. The whole gamut of his mind shall be in your possession, and every note of it obedient to your wish.

ALEX. Be attentive to her lessons, my dear Paulina; perhaps my honour, and my felicity, depend on your success—O preserve your own innocence, and be the guardian of mine!

PAU. Preserve my own innocence! Ay, to be sure I will—for my father has read to me in many a good book, which says, that a woman, when she loses her innocence, loses her charms, and that, like a faded rose dropt from the tree, the foot of every passenger will tread on her in her decay. O, who would lose their innocence! My dear lady, why, your eyes look as bright again as they did when I first saw you.

ALEX. It is because Hope hath shed its lustre on them. [LAUR. leads off PAULINA.] My heart is full; my veins confess a warmer flow, and the brightest visions glides before me. O, nature! thou who hast made us capable of so much bliss, why is it thy decree that we shall sink in sorrow? Why must our joys be so often shrivel'd by the cold touch of indurating DESPAIR! [Exit.

Enter SELIM and FATIMA.

FAT. Selim, was not that the Russian slave who departed as we enter'd? Surely it was, and with a look of pleasure!—

SELIM. Pleasure! I am glad to hear it. I am sure her melancholy has thrown a gloom over the whole harem.

FAT.

FAT. What an odd whim it is in our master to grow fond of the *mind* of a woman! Did ever any body hear of a woman's *mind* before as an object of passion?

SELIM. I don't understand it.

D U E T T E. SELIM and FATIMA.

Give me (you) a female soft and kind,
Whose joy 'twould be to please me (ye);
'The beauties of her precious mind,
Would neither charm nor teize me (ye).

The dimpled cheek, and sparkling eye,
To me (you) are wit and sound sense;
And better worth a lover's sigh,
Than stores of mental nonsense.

'The touch of honied velvet lips
Is reason and bright science,
And he who at that fountain dips,
May scorn the *Nine's* alliance.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A Quadrangle—On one Side of the Square is a very high Garden Wall; behind which are heard frequent Bursts of Laughter—*A LA GREQUE *is seen moving from Place to Place, trying to peep through.*

A LA GREQUE.

DEVIL take the workmen who built the wall! Not a chink or cranny can I find to send in the thousand part of an eye-beam [*laugh within*]. There they go again! Oh, you sweet tits you! I wish I was one amongst ye. [*Enter a Turk and crosses*] Hark ye, Mr. Gravity! Is there no getting a peep at these jolly girls?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. What, are they never suffer'd to be seen by a handsome Christian young fellow like me?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. D'ye think they'd take it amiss if a man was to venture his neck over the wall, to get at them?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. D'ye believe the Bassa would forgive such an innocent piece of curiosity?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. Fgad, you manage your words discreetly—Are you afraid your stock won't last the winter, shou'd you spend too many these summer months?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. Well done, my boy! Since you are so fond of the word, I'll give ye a song on the subject.

SONG,

SONG, A LA GREQUE.

A pretty gemman once I saw.
The neighbours said he studied law,
When full of grief,
In's hand a brief,
A poor man came,
Good Sir, he cried,
Plead on my side,
The lawyer *careless* answer'd--No !

A rich gown'd parson wou'd you ask
To do a charitable task
For Tom and Sue,
A couple true,
Who'd fain be tied,
With eye elate,
And strut of state,
The parson *surly* answers--No !

Should lab'ring honest low-fed Dick,
In spite of starving, very sick
To doctor send,
By some kind friend
To *beg* advice ;
He straight will see
No hope of fee,
And ten to one he answers--No !

A Senator you ask'd to vote,
The dear red book he knows by rote,
His country's good
He understood
You had in view,
But shou'd he find
No place design'd,
His bow *polite* you know, means--No !

To a young beauty wou'd you kneel,
And talk of all the pangs you feel?

With eye askance

She'll steal a glance,

And blushing sigh,

But thou'd you press

Her power to bless,

She'll whisper forth a *trembling*—No!

TURK. I like your song.

ALA GR. I like your praise.

TURK. And to reward ye, I'll shew ye a place,
where, by the help of loose bricks, and good climbing,
I sometimes get a squint at the girls;—though if it
was known, I should never squint on this side paradise
again.

ALA GR. You are an honest fellow, and 'tis pity
you are a Turk—but it can't be help'd, and 'tis to be
hoped a man may travel to heaven at last, though he
never leaves the country in which he was swaddled.
—Come along! [burries him off]

SCENE II. *The Garden.*

*Enter female Slaves, singing and beckoning to their
companions, who enter from opposite wings all the
way up. During the song others enter, dancing
to the music.*

CHORUS—OF FEMALE SLAVES.

Come away! come away!

Companions so gay!

Come away! Come away!

Companions so gay! &c.

SONG, AND CHORUS.

This is Freedom's precious hour,

Welcome, airy, sportive Mirth!

We'll enjoy thee whilst we've pow'r,

Give to all thy whimsies birth.

Let

Let the cross ones burst with spite,
 We'll ne'er heed their shrugs or frowns,
 Vary ev'ry sweet delight,
 While blythe Joy our labour crowns.

CHORUS.

Come away! &c.

A LA GR. [*from the top of the wall*] Hah! hah!
 you little meriy rogues, you're there, are ye?

[*The women shriek, and all go off, except LAUR.
 and FATIMA.*]

LAUR. What audacity! Presuming slave, do you
 know the consequence of your temerity?

A LA GR. Yes, I can guess at it, that you are all
 set a longing, and are ready to ask me to come down
 amongst you.

LAUR. You are impertinent. [*Exit.*]

FAT. Do y^e u hear, young man?—"you are im-
 pertinent"—Yes, you are an insolent, presuming, au-
 dacious—sweet fellow, hang me if he is not. [*Exit.*]

A LA GR. Ah, you sweet little saucy jade, come
 under the wall, and blow me a kiss—You won't!
 Why get along then, you ill-humour'd baggages—
 Hah! what, you look back, do you? You'd better
 think on't, and turn—What, the grapes are sour, are
 they? Ah, ah! I understand you—this is a fine place
 for the gypsies. hang me, if it is not—These Turks
 have a life on't—Such fine girls, and such fine gardens
 —Whu! who comes here? This is another—Yes,
 yes, I'll turn Turk—There's nothing like it, I see.

Enter PAULINA.

A LA GR. Hark ye, pretty maid—come this
 way.

PAU. Gracious! where can that voice come
 from? I see nobody. [*running about*]

A LA GR. I say, you little rogue, if—Why, how
 can this be? If my eyes are my own eyes, and if her
 eyes

eyes are hers, it is Paulina, the daughter of old Petrowitz.

PAU. [*Clapping her hands.*] As sure as that impudent head was once on the shoulders of A la Greque; who ever thought of seeing it on the top of a Turkish wall? How came you amongst them? Did they buy you too?

A LA GR. Buy me! No, I was taken fighting in a little skirmish, where I had only time to disarm half a dozen Turks, and kill a few Bassas; and now the cowardly rogues have shut me up here, for fear I should do them further mischief—I believe they think I have a design upon the crown.

PAU. Law! only think of it.

A LA GR. Didn't you hear that the Grand Turk had offer'd a reward for my head?

PAU. Your head!—Why, what could he do with it?

A LA GR. Faith, I had no inclination to inquire, so I took to my heels and carried it off.

PAU. Then how came it there? [*pointing.*]

A LA GR. Didn't I tell ye that a whole army set upon me and my master, and brought us——

PAU. Mercy! is your master here, count Orloff?

A LA GR. Is he? aye, lock'd up within the brazen gates of this——

PAU. Why, if ever I heard the like—Within the same gates is locked up lady Alexina, who was stole from him by these odious Turks.

A LA GR. She here too! Why, this place is like the sick lion's den, where all the beasts of the forest assembled together.

Voices [*without*] Help! help! here's a man talking to one of the female slaves.

A LA GR. I'll prove ye a liar in your teeth [*goes down*].

SLAVES enter.

ISM. Where is the man to whom you talked?

PAU. Man!—Do men grow on the bushes in your country? There is no other way of a man's finding himself in this garden, I fancy.

ISM

ISM. I heard his voice—Let us drag her before the Bassa.—Go you and search the gardens.

2. SLAVE. [*Apart*] Take care what ye do—This is the new slave whom we were commanded to treat with so much respect—We shall bring mischief on ourselves—Her word will go further than ours as long as she's in favour.

ISM. I understand you—[*turning*]—I thought I heard the voice of a man,—but sounds deceive one—it might be a bullfinch perhaps—beg pardon for the mistake, lady. [*Exeunt SLAVES.*]

PAU. A man a bullfinch, ha, ha, ha! These stupid creatures might be persuaded, I dare say, that a cat was a green slipper. Well, how oddity things turn out!—Little does lady Alexina think her husband is so near her.—Hift! A la Greque! A la Greque!—[*Looking towards the top of the wall*]—Fha! he's gone now—Well, I'll run and bless her with the news, and then take one more lesson for my behaviour to the Bassa.—I shall be able, after that, to behave as proudly as though my father were a noble of the land—Let me see—How is it to be a fine lady? First, I must disguise all the feelings of my heart—But how can I do so without telling fibs? Well, fine ladies don't mind that.—Second, when he kneels, I must turn from him, or hum a tune—thus—[*hums*]—Did you speak to me, Sir?—And when the charming man—O Lord! I shall never do it, as though I were us'd to it—When he attempts to kiss me, I must complain of his insolence, and walk away in this manner: [*Walks off scornfully.*]

SCENE, *The Buildings.*

Enter AZIM, with other SLAVES.

AZIM. Shall we stand by each other, brothers? Will you be faithful?

ISM. Aye, that we will; we must do as you bid us—You are over us. By allowing that, we generally come over him. [*To another.*]

AZIM.

AZIM. Well then, you see how the case stands; she is come wonderfully into favour, and will, without doubt, be reveng'd on us, for the severities she receiv'd in our lord's absence. The Bassa has just now threaten'd vengeance to all who displease her.

SLAVE. Will it not displease her then to be put into a prison?

AZIM. 'Tis likely it may—but what is that to us? We can, whenever we determine to do so, connive at her escape; and if we allow her to leave the palace, she'll readily pardon the prison; so, she'll be gratified, and we shall be skreen'd.

ISM. Well, well; let her be locked up as you said, and then persuade him she has escaped.

2d. SLAVE. We can dig down part of an old wall, and drop a ladder at the bottom, and then it won't be doubted.

AZIM. Yes; and that old tower will be a proper place to confine her in; then, if need be, she can hereafter be produced, for I don't entirely approve of poisoning her.

ISM. No, not at present—it may be more convenient hereafter—[drily]—Where shall we seize her?

AZIM. She is generally in the garden, and alone—it will not be difficult if we watch for a moment when Mustapha is absent.

SLAVE. Here's some one coming

AZIM. Then let us disperse several ways. People who have a plot in hand should never be seen together—A flight of crows always proclaims a carcase.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter ORLOFF followed by A LA GREQUE.

ORLOFF. Pursue me not, thou contemptible wretch! My sorrows are too profound to be interrupted by resentment at thy folly—Oh, most inhuman fate! To know that my Alexina lives, to know that she exists in this province, and not to know *where*—My chains are become heavy indeed!—They are insupportable!

A LA

A LA GR. Let me lift them for you, Sir—I can make them jingle lighter.

ORLOFF. Begone, I say.

A LA GR. Well, I'll go—People often drive their good fortune from them, like you. I shall only say, as I was saying before, that this house has a garden, and that this garden has a wall.

ORLOFF. Oh, my charming bride! could I but cheer thee by my voice, could I but lessen *thy* anguish, by speaking to thee *my own*.

A LA GR. Well, a *wall*—What is a *wall* to me?

ORLOFF. Could I, each morning, when I greet its rays, behold but thee, I could bear to live even in this wretched state, and every heavy night I could creep to my straw pallet with less despondency, having first received from thy sweet eyes, farewell!

A LA GR. To be sure the wall is a high wall, and a strong wall; but it is *but* a wall.

ORLOFF. If thou dar'st mention the wall again.

A LA GR. Well, I won't then; but was I to tell you, my Lord, what that wall contains, I really believe you'd forgive all my sauciness for ten years to come.

ORLOFF. Surely thou hast a meaning! What would'st thou say?

A LA GR. A meaning! Aye, such a meaning!

ORLOFF. Oh, trifle not!

A LA GR. Why then, in two words, I have climbed the garden wall, and who do you think I saw in the garden—Who do you think?

ORLOFF. Oh speak! [*grasping his hand*] Speak! my soul hangs upon thy words—Could'st thou but know what I feel!

A LA GR. Then, my Lords there, as sure as you lost your bride on the day of marriage, there I saw the fair Paulina, daughter of old Petrowitz.

ORLOFF. Oh! [*drops*]

A LA GR. Mon Dieu! if the joy of that has been too much for him, how would he have borne it, if I had seen his wife? [*goes to him*] My Lord—my Lord!

Why he's as pale as death—I dare not tell him now that Alexina is within a hundred yards of him.

ORLOFF. Bitter, bitter disappointment! it has been a stab to my heart—Barbarous wretch! [*rising and seizing him*] to raise and feed my hopes with such artful cruelty, and then—but why do I talk to thee?

[*Exit.*]

A LA GR. So! what he is *disappointed* then! Why if he would but have had patience, I was just going to tell him that his wife—but hang patience! 'tis a scurvy virtue, and not fit for a gentleman. I have no patience to know there are so many fine girls caged up here for that *greedy Dog* the Bassa. I'll try to pick a bone with him, though;—and if I can once lay hold of one of his pullets, he shall find it as difficult to get her out of my fangs, as it would be to make a judge dance, or a bishop cut capers. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Prison.*

[*Voices are heard without, ALEXINA shrieks.*]

AZIM. [*entering*] Stop her mouth, and drag her in. [*ALEXINA is dragg'd in—her hair dishevell'd.*]

ALEX. Monsteis! if ye are of the human race, desist—O drag me not from day, and from my husband!

AZIM. This is your habitation, Madam, make the best of it.

ALEX. At whose command is it my habitation? What is my crime? You act without the knowledge of your Lord—and if you do, doubt not his vengeance! O, it is not possible that he can authorize this cruelty!

AZIM. Come, come, Madam, a few weeks spent here will quiet you a little—Your sorrows won't be half so violent a fortnight hence as they are now—Let that comfort you.

ALEX. A fortnight! Oh, it is an eternity! Death is nothing to this. Dragg'd at *such* a moment from light, and health, and hope! [*running wildly about*] O, Azim, my HUSBAND is here—my HUSBAND is at hand!

AZIM.

AZIM. Then let him get ye out, if he can.

ALEX. O, best of men, hear me! [*kneeling*] Tell him only that his Alexina is here, that he may walk round my prison, that I may hear his steps through the chinks of these dismal walls, and my soul shall bless thee.

AZIM. Oh, you are mighty humble now; yet you know what insolence I have borne from you.

ALEX. I meant it not—Oh, forgive me, forgive me! Here, take this ring, let it *purchase* my forgiveness. [*rising*] It is rich, but not half so rich as shall be thy reward, if thou wilt be my friend—if thou wilt pity me!

AZIM. Well, I am so far soften'd that I permit thee to use the apartment next to this—It has more air and light—I'll unlock it—its last inhabitant had it fourteen years. [*whilst he goes to unlock it, ALEXINA clasps her hands, and fixes her eyes wildly*] There! you shall each 'day have your allowance of food regularly brought; but whether you are ever released or not, depends on yourself—Be patient! That only can serve you.

ALEX. Patient! Oh yes, I'll try to be patient, though much I fear my brain will be disturbed.

AZIM. Well, you'll be disturbed by nothing else—Your apartment will be quiet enough, whatever your brain may be—Come, Madam. [*Puts her in, and shuts the door.*] There, she's safe, and that makes us safe.—Now, let us go and fix the rope-ladder, and then swear she has escaped. Comrades! They talk of countries, where, what we have done, might be punished by the law—but *we* fear no punishment while we can deceive our master. [*Exeunt, laughing.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

F

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E,

A spacious Apartment in the Harem.

Enter PAULINA, running from the Top.

PAU. [*Looking back.*] THE sweet man follows me still. Hah! Lauretta little thinks the difficulty I have had to behave to him as tho' I hated him—How hard it is when one sees a great gentleman, and so handsome withal, ready to die at one's feet, to be forced to be snappish and ill-natur'd—Laws! he's coming here—Which way shall I run next? [*Looking about.*]

IBRA. [*Entering*] Oh, fly me not—yet fly! Even the distance you throw me at gives you a thousand charms, and whilst it tortures, it bewitches me.

PAU. [*Aside*] I do like to hear him talk.

IBRA. You smile! Ah, did you know the value of those rosy smiles, you would not bestow on me more than one in a thousand hours—Each is worth a diadem.

PAU. I suppose you hope by all this to make me forget I am a captive, and a slave [*pretending to cry, then turning away, laughing.*]

IBRA. You can be neither—It is I who am *your* slave—You hold the chains of my destiny—Ha! let me catch your tears!

PAU. I tell you once again, that I can never be happy here—I hate the life people lead in harems—All is dismal, not even a window to the street! No-
thing

thing to look at but trees, and fountains, and great whiskers, and black slaves.

IBRA. Could I but have the transport to touch your heart, all those objects would give you new impressions—This hated harcm would seem transform'd, and would become an enchanted place of pleasure.

PAU. But I tell you, I will *never* suffer my heart to be touch'd.—It is very hard that I must belie my conscience so, my heart leaps every time I look at him. [*Aside*]

IBRA. Who knows what persevering, constant love may do? You may at length be soften'd, at length—Oh rapture! confess the delicious pain!

PAU. [*Aside.*] I long to confess it now, if I might speak out.

IBRA. Most charming creature, deign but to look on me, say only that I am not hateful to you

PAU. Aye, that would be the truest word I ever spoke [*aside*]. But I will say that you *are* hateful to me, and I do declare; if you ever speak to me about love again—I—I don't know what may be the consequence—I must get away, or all my fine lessons will be forgot [*aside*]. In that room yonder I see ladies singing and playing; but don't you come to us now, I charge you—I will not have you come, or if you do come in half an hour, not a word [*looking back*]—No, not one word about love. [*Exit.*]

IBRA. Oh, if there is language in eyes, her words are false—Her lips forbid my love, but her eye invites it—Charming sex! who know how to make refusal bliss; and who can give delight even in denying! *Half an hour* did she banish me—Oh, I'll follow her instantly—Every moment spent where she is not, is a moment not to be counted in my existence. [*Going—Noise behind.*] Ha! what noise is that? [*Puts his hand to his scymeter.*] The sounds of violence in the bosom of my retirement!

ORLOFF. [*Without.*] Base slaves, in vain you oppose me! Were your master surrounded by instruments of torture, and ministers of vengeance, I would force my way.

[Forcing in, Slaves endeavouring to withhold him—
after them, MULEY enters.]

IBRA. [*Fiercely.*] Your way! What, here? Those apartments, christian, are sacred; and did not I pay some regard to your fame as a soldier, and your rank in the Imperial army, by Mahomet, your life's quick stream should pay me for the insult.

ORLOFF. Talk not of life, dishonourable man! Restore to me my bride—Restore—but canst thou restore her? Oh, canst thou restore to me the SPOR-LESS angel, whom heaven's most sacred ordinance made mine?

IBRA. Wretches! allow a madman to invade my retirement.

ORLOFF. Thy retirement! Thy *life*, base Turk! shall be invaded. No madman, but an injur'd husband stands before thee! Restore her!—Give her back to me chaste as that morn, when trembling, blushing from the altar, I led her to parental fields—That morn unblest.

IBRA. Slaves! speak, declare whom 'tis he means, or dread my vengeance—A fear hath seiz'd my soul, that curdles all my blood—Should it be so—speak! [*Furiously*]

MULEY. Mighty Bassa! We fear he means the lovely Russian, who adorns your harem.

IBRA. Ah! [*wildly*] Is she his *wife*? Christian, art thou the *husband* of the beauteous slave I love?

ORLOFF. Love! Darest thou give birth to such a phrase? Love! Oh that the words had scorpion's teeth to tear the throat which utters them!

IBRA. And art thou—O curst discovery! It is too true—My heart tells me it is true, and hates thee for the conviction. Tear him from my presence—I dread the energies of my own temper—tear him away, lest I shou'd stain my honour with the blood of her husband whom I adore.

ORLOFF. I will not stir—Give way to all your vengeance—Vengeance would now be mercy.

IBRA.

IBRA. Amidst the agonies I see thee in, thou art my envy! She is thy wife, she surely loves thee, and pints to be restor'd to thy arms—By what tortures would I not purchase with such a bliss—Bear him off, I command—Yet hurt him not, but drag him from the harem.

ORLOFF. At your peril, slaves.

[They drag him off.]

IBRA. And now, oh wretched Ibrahim! what remains for thee? A moment since, the fruit of felicity bent down within thy reach; the branches were loaden with happiness, and thy joys bloom'd forth in tender blossoms; but a hurricane is come, the tree is torn up by the roots, and its fruits are devour'd by disappointment.

TURK. Mighty Lord! is not the beauteous slave within thy power?

IBRA. Within my power! No, she is removed from it for ever. As my slave, I have undoubted right over her; but as the wife of another, she is sacred.

MULEY. Then remove her from your presence, and give her back to her adorning husband.

IBRA. Never! O virtue, in exacting that, thy commands are too rigorous. Never, never can I send her from me—I will go this moment, and at her feet—Oh, I dare not—If I see her I am lost—All barriers, human and divine, wou'd sink before me—Beholding her within my grasp, and the dread of losing her, would be a conflict in which I shou'd be lost, and *she* would be undone! I fly from her—I tear myself from the sweet enchantment—Oh wretched husband, I assume voluntarily the miseries I have bestow'd on thee!

[Goes off wildly; on the side opposite that, at which PAULINA went.]

TURK. What! run away from the woman he loves, when she is in his power! She is *his*, and I would force her to make me happy.

MULEY. His generous spirit would abhor the deed! What, though his passions are headstrong as the

mighty north; which shakes the pyramid to its base, and lifts the rooted forest from the embracing earth, yet will REFLECTION like a celestial minister arrive, and scourge from his soul each spot and sordid tint, that virtue ought to scorn, or manhood blush at.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FATIMA and another Female Slave.

FAT. Ah! this room is luckily empty. So, bring in the Bassa's seat—We'll set it up here before it goes to the pavilion; that we may judge of it—Come, make haste.

[*speaking to those without*]

[*Two or three bring in between them a light stool, on which is a white sattin covering, ornamented with festoons; another brings a small white sattin mattrass, trimm'd with gold fringe.*]

FAT. There, set the stool just there—Now put on the covering—Give me the mattrass—There, do you see how nicely it fits? Now bring the canopy.

[*Slaves bring in a canopy ornamented with festoons, gold fringe, and tassels.*]

Fix it just here—There—that will do—Is it not pretty? [*walks round it*]

2d. SLAVE. It is delightful! How charmed the Bassa will be when he sees it in his pavilion at supper; and he will praise both our industry and our taste.

FAT. Mercy! what's that noise?—Why—here comes that impudent slave who was hanging over the garden wall.

Enter several female Slaves hastily, followed by
A LA GREQUE.

A LA GR. My dear pretty little creatures, why do you fly from me at this rate? Grant me one kiss to save my life,—for I am famish'd.

FAT. That kiss would *cost* thee thy life, should it be known.

A LA GR. Known! [*getting to a small distance, and speaking at rant*] Madam! what do you take me for? Do you think that I, Madam, am a man to betray

betray a lady's favours? I, who have been well receiv'd by duchesses and marchionesses?

FAT. [*interrupting him*] Duchesses and Marchionesses! What are they?

A LA GR. [*in his usual tone*] They were a sort of female creatures, my dear, who once infested Paris.

FAT. And where are they now?

A LA GR. Now, my sweet charmer, there is not one in the country, I mean of *native* growth; and if the neighbouring nations do not now and then send them one for a sample, a duchess will be as rare an animal in France, as a crocodile.—You sweet fellow! [*throwing his arm round FATIMA*]

FAT. You bold fellow! [*breaking from him*] Why you are quite at your ease.

A LA GR. I always am;—and I'll sit down on this pretty seat, and be quite comfortable.

FAT. You must not sit there—it is a seat made on purpose for the Bassa. [*Two or three endeavour to prevent him.*]

A LA GR. Well, can't you fancy *me* the Bassa? [*Sits.*]

Enter LAURETTA.

LAUR. Mercy! mercy! What, a man amongst ye? are ye all bewitched?

A LA GR. No; they have only bewitched me—Ah! you lively little rogue. [*flying to her*]—Come here, and sit down by me, and you shall be my Bassa-ess. I like you best of all.

LAUR. If you like your own life—Fly swifter than the light.

A LA GR. [*rising*] With *you* any where.

LAUR. Stranger, this is no place for gallantry, or for jesting; are you not afraid of death?

A LA GR. Afraid of him? No—Death is an aristocrat! and I am bound, as a Frenchman, to hate him.

AZIM.

AZIM. [*without*] Search every where, I say—He must be hereabout—I saw him ascend.—Come this way.

LAUR. There! Now your carelessness or your courage will be equally ineffectual. Unhappy stranger, you are on the threshold of death.

[*The slaves clap their hands, and seem agoniz'd.*
1st. SLAVE. We too are lost!

A LA GR. Not unless *I am found*. What a dozen women without a trick to save one man! Ah! I am sensible of my imprudence too late. [*Throws himself on his knees, turning first to one, then to another.*] Oh, save me! save me!

LAUR. What signifies your kneeling?—yet, it *shall* signify—Lower! [*pushing him*] Lower still! rest on your hands—Reach that covering—quick—quick!

[*They cover him with the drapery, mattrass, &c. and place the canopy behind him.*

AZIM. [*Without*] Come this way then—here he must have entered. [*Enters with others.*] Fly all of ye—hide yourselves—A man is somewhere in the harem.

LAUR. And what are we to fly for? Is a man a tyger, that we shou'd be so scared? Who is he?

AZIM. The new French slave—Frenchmen, there is no being guarded against.—They make free every where.

LAUR. At least they have made themselves free **AT HOME!** and who knows, but, at last, the spirit they have raised may reach even to a Turkish harem, and the rights of women be declared, as well as those of men.

AZIM. Don't talk to me of the rights of women—you would do *right* to go and conceal yourselves as I order'd ye—You, Ismael, and Hafez go and search the inner apartments, I'll wait here, with the rest, to intercept him, should he escape ye.

[*Two slaves go off.*

LAUR. O, we'll intercept him, never fear—you'd better follow the rest. [*Pushing him*]

AZIM.

AZIM. I choose to wait here, and I'll sit down, for I'm horribly tired.

LAUR. Pardon me, Mr. Azim—I am going to sit there myself, [*Sits, on A la Greque.*]

AZIM. I say I'll sit there, Madam, so get up.

LAUR. I wonder at your impertinence. Surely we may keep our seats, though we have lost our liberties.

AZIM. I have been walking ever since sun rise.

LAUR. Then walk till it sets—Motion is healthful.

AZIM. I say I will sit down.—Give me the seat.

LAUR. A sit-down I would give you with all my heart, and such a one as you should never forget; but this seat you shall not have.

AZIM. Say you so—I'll convince you in a moment.

[*Goes to LAURETTA, and seizes her hand to pull her up.*]

ISM. [*Without*] We have found him—We have found him—There is a door fasten'd on the inside—He must be there.

AZIM. Hah! follow—follow—Now, we'll shew a Frenchman what liberty is in Turkey.

[*Exit with the male slaves.* LAURETTA rises

A LA GR. [*Getting up with the covering about him*] That fellow is certainly descended from Cerberus, or an English mastiff. My precious burden, how shall I thank you! Jupiter, when loaded with Europa on his back, was not half so much charmed with her, as I am with you. [*Slaves speak without.*]

LAUR. Waste not an instant—They are returning—Begone

A LA GR. Well, good bye then, and heav'n bless ye all, and send to each LIBERTY and a HUSBAND!

[*They push him off.*]

2d. SLAVE. What a kind man he is! How happy must Frenchwomen be to have such lovers for husbands.

LAUR. Yes, my dear, they wou'd be so; but unluckily husbands *forget* to be lovers—Let us run and
appease

appease Azim, you hear he is loud, and his vengeance may fall upon us—Haste—haste!

[*Exeunt hastily, all but FATIMA.*

FAT. I'll make no haste about it. [*Looking round irresolutely.*] Hang me if I don't try to change a word or two with that agreeable Frenchman—I shou'd like to know a little of their customs—Such an opportunity can't happen above once in one's life—So, Monsieur Azim, ha, ha, ha! What a fool he is now.
[*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Garden.*

Enter IBRAHIM from towards the Top, thoughtfully follow'd at a small Distance by MULEY.—He sighs deeply.

MULEY. Alas! my Lord, dare your slave offer you consolation?

IBRA. I can receive none.

MULEY. I know that in afflictions like your's, there can be but one support, that is in virtue—there, my Lord——

IBRA. [*Interrupting*] Yes, I have resolv'd!—She shall be sacred—her chastity for ever inviolate! and perhaps, [*sighing*] perhaps I may hereafter restore her to her husband.

MULEY. That will be a moment of triumph to yourself.—When magnanimity thus conquers affliction, affliction may be envied.—Such a moment is the imprimature of heaven on the purified heart—it is the exaltation of virtue.

IBRA. O VIRTUE! when I can do that, thou may'st boast a victory indeed! When I can resolve no more to look on the soft radiance of her eyes—When I can resolve to behold no more the natural and unartful graces that adorn her—When I shall seek those groves in vain for that dear form; when I shall listen, and hear her voice no more—then, then, O virtue! thou may'st boast thy triumph. [*After a pause.*]

pause] Leave me, for night and solitude best suit the colour of my mind. *[Exeunt.]*

ORLOFF *appears at the top of the wall, where A LA GREQUE had before been seen, and calls to him.*]

ORLOFF. Quick, pri'thee! mount, and give me the rope—O! thou art as slow as if this moment were *not* the most precious of my life! As though this garden did *not* contain my Alexina.

A LA GR. *[Appearing]* Consider, I have but just had one escape, my Lord, and another escape may escape *me*—There; here's the rope, if you will be so venturesome—but don't blame me if they should make you dangle at the end of it.

ORLOFF. *[takes the end of the rope, and is let down]* There! Environ'd with dangers as I am, this moment is dear to me, and the first, that for succeeding months has given my benighted soul one gleam of comfort.

A LA GR. Well, my Lord, I leave ye to your comfort—I am off—The very moon over my head seems to say, “Sweet Monsieur A la Greque, your master is very little better than a lunatic; so, take care of *yourself*”—I am off *[goes down]*.

ORLOFF. Ye conscious walks, which the feet of my Alexina have so often press'd, ye bending trees, whose boughs have given to her beauties your soft shade; ye fountains, whose murmurs have sometimes lull'd her sorrows to repose, my full soul greets ye! Hah! surely her voice floated on that passing breeze—No—all is still. That passing breeze may bear upon it's wings a thousand notes, but none like hers. O, thou pale moon, thou art not deck'd to-night in half thy glories; shine brighter, put on thy most seductive rays, to tempt my angel from her sad retirement! *[Soft music at a distance.]* Music in the gardens! Near that spot then I shall not fail to find her—It is an abjuration her soul must yield to, for her soul is harmony. *[Exit. Music continues a few bars.]*

Enter PAULINA.

PAU. Where, where can the Bassa conceal himself? I am tired with seeking him—Can he be offended with me, that he flies me thus? Alas! I feel I could not *bear* to offend him—Oh, no, I *could* not! [*Enter MUSTAPHA.*] Ah, Mustapha, hast thou seen the Bassa?

MUS. Not I—I have been taken up in watching the motions of Azim, who, I am sure, has some plot in hand, though I cannot divine what—Where is the gentle Alexina.

PAU. [*Pettishly*] I don't know—I hav'n't seen her a great while.

MUS. Nor I—I'll go in quest of her—Should the Bassa have seen her, I would not give a cockle-shell for our scheme. [*Going.*] But what's the matter? Why you look as dismally as a widow at the funeral of her thirteenth husband.

PAU. I can't find the Bassa—I have been looking for him 'till my eyes ache—He flies me now, he does indeed [*sighing*].

MUS. Ay, ay, I understand it—You would put too much honey on his bread, though I gave ye the caution—You have been too kind to him.

PAU. [*with quickness*] I am sure I have not.

MUS. Pho! pho! I know better—Have you not learnt, child, that fondness is the most cloying food in the world? Dash your sweet sauce with acid, if you would not have it pall upon the palate.

PAU. [*Angrily*] So I did then—I was as cross as I could possibly be—I never treated a gentleman so hard harted before. To be sure I must say, that at leaving him, I told him—I told him he might *follow* me. [*Confused*]

MUS. Ay, there's the case—You ivited him to follow, and he in course runs away. [*Angrily*]

PAU. Oh dear! [*Takes out a fan to hide her tears.*]

MUS. If I were a woman, wou'd I tell a man to *follow* me? [*Snatches her fan.*] This is the away you shou'd

shou'd treat 'em—"Keep your distance, Sir—how
 "can you be so rude? Fie! my Lord, it is quite
 "shocking! [*Very affected and extravagant with*
 "*the motions of the fan.*] Oh, monstrous! if you
 "come nearer I shall faint! I hate you now, I do in-
 "deed—I can't possibly bear ye!" This, you see,
 would be graceful and captivating [*throwing away*
the fan.]

PAU. Graceful and captivating! [*With surprise*]

MUS. I tell ye, the women are all fools! and if
 the sweet rogues knew what they lost by substituting
 rouge for blushing, and an undaunted look for modest
 timidity, we should soon see all their affections swal-
 low'd by one, and that would be the affectation of
 modesty. [*Exit.*]

PAU. I hate affectation—For all he thinks he
 knows so much, the next time I'll follow my own
 way—I am sure I know as much of the matter as he
 does.

Re-enter MUSTAPHA.

MUS. [*Peeping in through the wing.*] Remem-
 ber the hint I gave you—If our master shou'd see
 your countrywoman, all your hopes are gone in a
 hurricane. You may as well attempt to catch a
 husband with bird-lime as to catch him after that; so
 prevent it. [*Exit.*]

PAU. How can I prevent it? Besides, Mr. Des-
 tiny, I have good reason to think, that as far as the
 matter of beauty goes, I am not behind hand with she
 —Alack-a-day! no, no, he has hit upon it!—As
 sure as harvest is yellow, Lady Alexina has certainly
 seen the Bassa, and he'll now be *her* ADORER as he
 calls it—May be they are now together, and he is at
 her feet sighing, as he did to-day at mine—Oh, I
 cannot bear it—The sight wou'd crack my heart-
 strings! Now I do feel that I dearly, dearly love
 him—Oh mercy! he is here—he is here!

Enter IBRAHIM musing; seeing PAULINA, starts.

IBRA. Oh Paulina, I hide thee, hide thee! At sight of thee every resolution fades, and the altar of virtue seems to blaze no more [*gazing on her long*]. Cruel charmer!

PAU. Cruel! Oh no, my heart melts to see your distress, and I am sure you have no occasion for it.

IBRA. Why didst thou not at first tell me thou wert another's! Why suffer my heart to burn with tumultuous love, to waste itself in glowing flames, whilst thine beats only for another.

PAU. What other?

PAU. *sings.*

“ Never till now I felt love's dart—

“ Guess who it was that stole my heart,

“ ’Twas only you, if you'll believe me!” *

IBRA. O thou enchantress! [*Starting back.*] Thou wife of Orloff! thou hast my soul in chains—drag it not to perdition!

PAU. Why should you call me *wife of Orloff*? Oh, forgive me if I speak too plain—My heart, my whole heart is your's. You have awaken'd its first tender thought, and you shall fill it to the last! There can be no other.

IBRA. Nay then, farewell to every dread! Tho' hell shou'd gape beneath my feet, I shrink not—Rush on my soul, ALMIGHTY LOVE! absorb each faculty and thought, for I am thine!—[*turning to PAU.*]—for I am thine! [*Throws himself prone; then rises and clasps her.*] Transcendent moment! O, bliss too exquisite!

ORLOFF. [*Rushes in*] Base woman! adulterous villain! [*Presents a dagger to IBRAHIM's breast.*]

PAULINA shrieks and runs off.

* These lines were introduced by Mrs. Esfen.—She sings them without instruments, and they are always followed by rapturous applause.

IBRA. Hah! [*wrests the dagger*] my life attack'd—Ho! slaves! [*Slaves rush in from various wings.*] Twice to-day! Once in the bosom of my harem, and now in the sacred walks of my garden—Seize him [*to the slaves, who obey*]. Thy death shall expiate thy double crime.

ORLOFF. Dost thou think to give me terror?—I welcome death—I welcome it 'midst tortures!

IBRA. Christian, thou know'st me not! Whilst left to myself, I could command myself! My ardent passions I could hold in chains, and suppress that love which honour could not sanction—But thou shalt know when thus oppos'd, I own no law but *will*—drag him away. [*Exit.*]

ORLOFF. Tyrant, I know that I shall die; but the bitterness of death is past—To live after having seen my wife embrace thee, and embrac'd—Oh madness! speed your death, I rush to meet it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Prison.*

Enter ALEXINA through the Flat.

ALEX. Surely this is the darkest hour of the night! The dim light my solitary window afforded has long been past, and gloom and silence every where prevail. No sound, no footstep, no voice of soft consoling love, or weeping friendship. Can I be her whom the beamy finger'd morn, till lately, ever rous'd to joy? I, her who not a short hour since glow'd with delight—whose troubled sky felicity and freedom began to gild? Oh, the reverse is too deep, too direful!

Voices [*without*]. This way—make sure the outer gate.

ALEX. Hah! slaves and lights! perhaps they come to end my wretched being—Ah! nature shrinks at the idea, and whilst I almost dread to live, I fly from death, by impulse irresistible!

[*Exit hastily through the flat.*]

[ORLOFF is brought in by slaves]

SLAVE. There, Sir! Here you must stay till our master hath determined on the sort of death you are to die, for we have great variety in this country. The bowstring is the easiest you can hope for. We'll leave you a lamp though, to shew the apartments, and make your last hours a little pleasant—Wish your honour a good night. *[Exeunt slaves.]*

ORLOFF. May this hour of bitterness be short! Here, on the stony earth I'll pass it, and give to thee—*despair!* the fleeting moments that remain.

[Throws himself on the ground.]

ALEXINA enters, fearful, from the flat.

ALEX. What wretch can he be, who, in this dreary place, is the victim of tyranny and despotism? *[Advancing and looking over him.]* By every sacred power it is my husband! Orloff—*[seizing his hand]* my Orloff! *[He starts up, throws her off, and flies to the opposite side.]* Dost thou distrust thy senses? It is thy Alexina—thy wretch'd—happy Alexina!

ORLOFF. Abandon'd woman! dost thou follow me to my prison to insult my last moments? Or dost thou come to administer the bowl of death?

ALEX. Heavens! what mean you? *[rushing towards him with open arms.]*

ORLOFF. Nay, touch me not—By heav'n, rather than be enfolded in thy adulterous embrace, I'll—*draws a dagger* O, my thoughts are desperate! Avoid me if thou would'st live.

ALEX. Alas! affliction has made him mad.

ORLOFF. Oh! *[flings away the dagger.]*

ALEX. Or if thou art not mad, to threaten death is needless. Be witness for me, ye celestial spirits, that I'll not live an instant to endure a husband's hate—All other miseries I've borne, but this last subdues me. *[snatches up the dagger]* Thou accusest me of crimes

crimes I shudder at—Orloff, an adulteress would not dare this blow.

ORLOFF. *[Springs forward, and seizes her arm]* Die! Yes, thou ought'st to die, but let my fate come first—I linger not—its ministers are at hand! *[gazing on her]* O, had I not seen thee in his arms, had I not heard thy vows of never ending love to the tyrant.

ALEX. *[Interrupting eagerly.]* My vows! ah, my Orloff, a beam of radiance once more breaks in on my afflicted soul. I have never seen the Bassa—Nay, look not thus incredulous—this dungeon proves it—I am a prisoner here as well as you, and was this day brought hither.

ORLOFF. *[Gazing wildly]* Oh fate, spare me a moment! Scarcely dare I give way to the overpowering thou hast! yet it must be so! It was not thee, *my heaven!* whom I beheld in Ibrahim's arms—No, it was another, and Alexina's pure!

ALEX. As pure as at that sacred hour, when at the altar you receiv'd my virgin vows; and heaven is witness that this form has ne'er been press'd in any arms but thine.

ORLOFF. *[Clasping her.]* Then art thou dearer in these prison walls, dearer in this thy faded beauty, than when a blaze of charms o'erpower'd my senses, beneath the haughty dome where first I woo'd thee.

ALEX. How matchless is the power of virtuous love! Having thus seen thee, having thus once again been press'd to thy fond bosom, I am prepar'd for death.

ORLOFF. Behold! they mean that we should die together—The ministers of death are entering.

[Going towards the wing.]

Mus. *[Without.]* Make 'tall the outer gate—bring him along. *[Entering Slaves bring in AZIM, in chains; they are followed by LAURETTA, FATIMA, and females; male slaves bearing torches.]* I thought we should meet you at last. The time twigs which you have been so busily spreading for a nother, have at length entangled thyself.

LAUR. Yes, my friend Azim ; I promis'd you a *set down*, and now I think you will have it. Joy—joy to Alexina !

MUS. To Alexina and her lord.

ORLOFF. Ah ! what mean ye ? A tide of bliss breaks in upon my soul, which *yet* I dare not yield to.

LAUR. Fear not to trust it ! Our master hath heard from Paulina your touching story, and hath sent us to conduct you to his presence.

MUS. Go, Madam ! and make room for your persecutor AZIM ;—*he* shall take your place here.

ALEX. Farewel—farewel, ye dreary walls ! We fly to light, to liberty—

ORLOFF. To love !

[*Exit, leading ALEXINA, followed by part of the slaves.*]

MUS. [*To Azim.*] Why you look a little strange ;—pray make free, Sir ; you are as welcome as though you were at home. [*Bowing ludicrously.*]

LAUR. Come, hold up your head, man ! and look round your new apartments. Examine the furniture—is it not elegant ! Look through its spacious windows—are you not charm'd with the prospect ? Thou monster ! to this dreary abode thou wouldst have consign'd innocence and virtue.

AZIM. O, that those cursed chains were off !—I to be imprison'd in a dungeon !

MUS. Come, come—“ a few weeks spent here will quiet you a little.” I have heard every thing from your accomplice there. “ Your sorrows won't be half so violent a fortnight hence, as they are now—let that comfort ye.”

AZIM. [*Furiously.*] Dogs !

MUS. Be civil, and “ I'll permit thee to use the apartment next to this—its last inhabitant had it fourteen years,” you know. [*Tauntingly.*] Nay, it is in vain to struggle, drag him in ! [*Exit.*]

[*Slaves*]

[*Slaves drag AZIM in ; the door is shut.*]

LAUR. Ah ! he's caught at last. [*Runs up to the door.*] Good night, my pretty Azim. [*He rattles his chains.*] Good night—I'll give ye a friendly call once a month or so, for the next ten years. [*He rattles.*] Farewel—pleasant fancies hang about your dreams ! [*Exit ; followed by the slaves with torches ; AZIM rattling his chains within.*]

S C E N E, *The Bassa's Apartment.*

Enter IBRAHIM at top, leading PAULINA.

IBRA. O, adored Paulina ! what wonderful events are these ! Thou *may'st* be mine ! it is no *crime* to love thee. I have struggled against a passion which heaven had determin'd to reward.

PAU. - It blesses my heart to see you so happy ! And shall my father and brother be releas'd from slavery—shall they *witness* my happiness ?

IBRA. They shall *partake* it. Riches and honour await those so dear to thee. Lo ! they are here.

[*The father and son are introduced.*]

PAU. O, my dear father ! Peter ! what a day this has been ! Here am I going to be a great lady, and not the handmaid of a Jew, as you told me this morning. [*To her father.*]

FATHER. My dear child, I cannot speak for joy. Say something for us to the Bassa—we shrink before him.

ALEX. [*Without.*] Hasten !—O, my Orloff, let us hasten to his presence. [*Entering.*] Mighty Ibrahim, I no longer tremble to appear before thee ;—in the presence of my husband, I dare to *look* upon thee, and to ask thy mercy.

IBRA. Mercy ! how poor the word ! I give ye instant liberty, and in giving ye that, I give ALL, for ye *love* ! What then remains to perfect your bliss !

ORLOFF.

ORLOFF. Hearest thou, ALEXINA? Ah! what sounds—they rush upon my soul in transport.

IBRA. Valiant Russian, I embrace thee! The poniard you directed to my breast, had it enter'd there, would have pierc'd a heart, which, amidst the turbulencies of war, and the insatiations of a court, has yet preserv'd its OWN RESPECT;—accept its friendship!

ORLOFF. With earnestness unspeakable; and I return it with such gratitude and servour, as becomes a soldier and a husband.

IBRA. Such charms, I could not have beheld insensibly. [*to Alexina*] had I known them before Paulina engrossed my heart—but now, that heart can beat for her alone. To-morrow you shall be escorted to your camp, and I, to give that dignity to love, without which it sinks into lowest appetite, will make this charmer mine, by sacred rites.

ORLOFF. Illustrious Turk! Love has taught thee to revere marriage, and marriage shall teach thee to honour love.

A LA GR. Why what ups and downs there are in this world! My lord, [*to Orloff*] I am once again your most duteous servant—for *fellow slaves*, I perceive we shall be no longer—So there goes my dignity! I'll make a bold push for a new one though. Azim, I find—pardon me, my lord, [*to Ibrahim*] Azim, I find, is out of place, will your mightiness bestow it on me, and make me your principal slave-driver?

IBRA. [*Laughing.*] What wouldst thou do?

A LA GR. Any thing, and every thing. I'd imitate the smack of Azim's whip, and roll my eyes as he does, to frighten your *male slaves*, and transform myself into a satiric seat, with a canopy over my head, to amuse your *female slaves*.

IBRA. Transform thyself into a satiric seat, with a canopy over thy head—thou art bewildered. [*To Alexina.*] Pronounce, Madam, the fate of the profligate slave, whose villainy had nearly brought about such disastrous events—Shall he perish?

ALEX.

ALEX. Ah, in this hour of felicity, let nothing perish but *misfortune*! Be the benevolent Mustapha rewarded, and let Azim have frank forgiveness.

IBRA. Charming magnanimity! if it flows from YOUR CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES, such doctrines must be RIGHT, and I will closely study them.

ALEX. [*Stepping forward.*] And may our errors have frank forgiveness too! Bestow on us your favour, and make the DAY IN TURKEY one of the happiest of this happy season!

THE END.

E P I L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY MRS. COWLEY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

ESCAP'D from Turkey, and from prison free,
 Yet still a SLAVE you shall behold in me;
 An *English* slave—slave to your ev'ry pleasure,
 Seeking your plaudits as her richest treasure.

Whilst thus you feast with cheering praise my ear,
 For our soft poet I confess some fear.
 Perhaps you'll say,—“ Two marriages for love !
 “ Thus foolish *female* pens for ever rove ;
 “ But give us, Madam, give us, *real* life,
 “ Who goes to Turkey pray, to fetch a wife ?”

Critic ! a few months past I wou'd allow
 Your comment just, but not, Sir Surly, now !
 For now we know A PRINCE can cross the seas
 T' obtain a wife, a nation's hearts to please.
 “ *The age of chivalry*” again returns,
 And love, with all its ancient splendour burns ;
 Yes——

Tell the rapt Orator whose magic pen
 So late chastised the new found rights of men——
 Who fear'd that honour, courage, love were lost,
 And Europe's glories in the whirlwind tost ;
 Tell him “ *heroic enterprise*” shall still survive,
 And “ *loyalty to sex*” remain alive ;
 “ *The unbought grace of life*” again we find,
 And “ *proud submission*” fills the public mind ;
 T'wards *her*, now borne to BRITAIN's happy coast——
 A husband's honour, and a nation's boast.

“ Just

" *Just lighted on this orb the vision shines*

" *Scarce seems to touch,*" and as it moves, refines !

O, may she long adorn this chosen isle,

Where the best gifts of fate unceasing smile !

When, "*like the morning star*" at wond'rous height,

She soars at length beyond this world and night,

Still may your blessings to her name be given,

While soft she fades into her native heaven !

THOSE who read will know, that in the above Epilogue all the passages distinguished by italics are taken from an effusion inspired by *another* royal lady; — agitating the lightning pen of a man who in his head is all REASON, in his heart all SENSATION. A man whom *politics* seized, and seems to have dragged reluctantly from LOVE. Let the women of future times weave to his memory the fairest garlands, and twine amidst laurels and roses the name of BURKE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SOPHA.

THE canopy is composed of two umbrellas of white sattin, or stuff; the upper one very small, each trimmed with gold fringe, festoons of flowers, and tassels. The covering for the stool, of the same materials, is made in the form of a hammer cloth; a white satin mattress is laid on it, trimmed with gold fringe.

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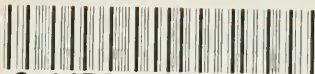
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